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## FAVORS OF THE PRESS.

As the Press multiplies in numbers and strengthens in power,—as it does almost day by day—its peculiar rights and duties become more and more a subject of profound consideration. It may, on the one hand, be regarded as strictly an organ of public sentiment, or on the other as a purely personal property: in the one case acknowledging service to the community as its highest authority, in the other recognising no principle further than the convenience and interest of its individual owner. The American system of announcing the editor and the frequent personal controversies which occupy the columns, seem to sanction the belief that they are intended as mere circulars or broadsheets for the advancement of the single purposes of their proprietors; and the common question is how does Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown (editors) go on this or that subject—rather than what is the view of this matter taken by the *Daily Mail* or the *Weekly News*? This is, however, clearly, not a sufficient or comprehensive view of the matter: for the press constantly assumes positions and claims immunities which could never be allowed to it for a moment, if it did not profess, at least, to be serving the public as well as itself. In fulfilment of this expectation it is every day called upon to perform services for which it receives no direct compensation at the counter; and for which it is rewarded only by the general perusal and free acceptance of its columns. If it were only that its editor might write himself into a comfortable office, and there were no free-spoken leaders on the politics of the country: if the advertisements of the theatres only appeared at so much per line, and there were no discussions of the drama in a disinterested spirit: if the foreign stocks were only quoted in as far as they might further private speculation, without a fair-play money-article; if only the books written by brother editors or personal friends were handsomely noticed, and no heed given to the general welfare of Literature and men

of letters—our daily, weekly, and monthly journals would speedily come to be regarded as mere placards and advertising sheets.

It is, therefore, justly demanded of the Press that it shall bear on its face, in each issue, some evidence of its regard for the interests of the community, irrespective of individual spites or preferences, as a community. This is the great plea by which it claims respect, place, and consideration. Whenever, on the other hand, its pages shall be found, from day to day or from month to month, rank and reeking with mere personal ebullitions, it ceases to be a Public Journal, and sinks at once to the condition of an inky nuisance, which the law or general contempt could at any moment most properly abate. The truth is, the Press is a falsehood and a fraud the moment it ceases to be impersonal. It has nothing to do with the person, and can only know the statesman in his acts, the writer in his book, the artist in his picture. To go behind these is to commit a breach of decency, little less gross than under pretence of offering a goblet to the lips to dash its contents rudely in the face of your invited guest, who might reasonably expect some more cleanly entertainment.

And those who seek the services of the Press must also bear these considerations in mind; its aid is no more to be asked than it is to be rendered, except on grounds beyond and above those of mere personal advantage. If you are leading a career, if you are doing work of any kind, in which personal interest is merged in a larger benefit to the community or the world, you may properly demand the countenance and support of the Press. If, to continue our former illustration in this new connexion, you are pushing a public improvement where the hazards are great, if you are striving honestly to reform and elevate the stage, if, at ruinous odds with a prevailing false taste, you are obeying an original genius in extending the domain of art, the Press owes to you and to itself something of a disinterested championship and succor; but you clearly cannot, in a narrower and merely selfish pursuit of any one of these objects, demand of the Press to wield its trumpet to summon the public to provide the railroad director with a coach and four, the actor with a dashing new coat of the latest fashion, the portrait painter with damask curtains, for the pleasure of his fashionable sitters. Of all the pursuits which, at the present, occupy the attention of grown-up men in this country, the profession of literature: considering the vast odds with which it is compelled to contend: the presence, in our midst, not only of living competitors from abroad, foreign books dog-cheap, and foreign periodicals reprinted on every hand among us to enforce and further their reception and sale: might justly demand the most liberal construction of the Statute of Favors, on which we have been dwelling. And yet, of all classes, the professional writer is required to give the most and take the least: he is expected to be within call to serve the actor, the singer, the dancer, the manager; to write up every business and every handicraft: in a succession of gratuitous services, which it would astound any of these professional people to have to return. While the writer labors day and night,

and bestows with an unstinting hand the Favors of the Press, we do not hesitate to say, that of all men and all classes of men, the original writers of the country are content, or must needs be content, to receive the humblest dividend of acknowledgment in return. If there is any pursuit in the land which may be fairly regarded as lifted above sordid interests, in the spirit in which it is pursued and the recompenses it receives, it is that of letters: there is no nobler ally of the press: none which does so much to strengthen, refine, and elevate the journalism of the country: and, as the New Year approaches (an advent of which we are reminded by a circular we have just received from the President and Secretary of the National Temperance Society, requesting the editors of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, and Jersey City, "to write an article early in December on the subject of Temperance, and specially on the evils of offering intoxicating drinks during the holidays"), we beg leave to suggest to our newspaper brethren, while the Favors of the Press are distributing, and after they have disposed of the temperance article, respectfully solicited in the above-quoted circular, that if bad books are allowed to go into the head, it matters very little, in the long run, what is kept out of the stomach: the country, we can assure them, will be none the purer, wiser, cleaner, healthier, or better, ten years thereafter!

## THE IROQUOIS CONFEDERATION.

THAT portion of the reading public which is interested in researches relating to the Aborigines of America, but more particularly those of the United States, cannot have forgotten a series of fourteen letters on the Iroquois, addressed to the late distinguished Albert Gallatin, and published in the "*American (Whig) Review*," in 1847. These letters displayed a profound acquaintance with the subject to which they referred, and led the gentleman to whom they were addressed, as also the learned public generally, to indulge the hope that their author would embody the facts in his possession, and the results of his inquiries, in a more pretending and enduring form. For the sake of literature not less than science, and in justice to the Iroquois Confederation,—an anomaly in the history of savage nations,—we are glad to have it in our power to say that these hopes are soon to be realized. The "*Skenandoah*" of the Letters in the Review, is no other than I. H. MORGAN, Esq., of Rochester, well known amongst scholars, from his indefatigable researches in the Indian history of New York, and who joins to an untiring perseverance in the collection of facts, a rigid criticism, and powers of generalization and deduction, which have not hitherto been directed to this particular subject. Mr. Morgan has completed a work on the Iroquois, in Three Books, embracing an outline of their history, the structure and spirit of their League, the Religion and Customs, Habits of Life, etc., to which is appended an Archaeological Map of the State, exhibiting at one view the former position of the tribes, their trails and towns, as also their geographical designations of the features of the country, its mountains, lakes,

and streams—itsself a work of vast research and labor. From the Second Book of this work, now in press, and shortly to be published by Sage & Bro., of Rochester, and Newman, of this city, we take the following paragraphs relating to the religious notions and mythological conceptions of the Iroquois:—

#### THE EVIL SPIRIT AND THE DEMIURGIC POWERS.

While the religious system of the Iroquois taught the existence of the Great Spirit *Hä-wen-né-yu*,\* it also recognised the personal existence of an Evil Spirit, *Hä-ne-go-até-geh*, the Evil-minded. According to the legend of their finite origin, they were brothers, born at the same birth, and destined to an endless existence. To the Evil Spirit, in a limited degree, was ascribed creative power. As the Great Spirit created man, and all useful animals and products of the earth, so the Evil Spirit created all monsters, poisonous reptiles, and noxious plants. In a word, while the former made everything that was good and subservient, the latter formed everything that was bad and pernicious to man. One delighted in virtue, and in the happiness of his creatures, to which end he exercised over them his unceasing protection. The other was committed to deeds of evil, and was ever watchful to scatter discord among men, and multiply their calamities. Over the Evil-minded the Great Spirit exercised no positive authority, although possessed of the power to overcome him, if disposed to its exertion. Each ruled an independent kingdom, with powers undivided. Man's free agency stood between them, with which, in effect, he controlled his own destiny. A life of trust and confidence in the Great Spirit, and of obedience to his commands, afforded a refuge and a shelter to the pious Indian against the machinations of the Evil-minded.

Inferior spiritual beings were also recognised in the theology of the Iroquois. Though not as accurately described and classified as those of the ancient mythology, they yet exhibit with them some singular coincidences; although these coincidences, real or imaginary, show nothing but the similarity of human ideas in similar conditions of society. They were classified into good and evil, the former being the assistants and subordinates of the Great Spirit, while the latter were the emissaries and dependents of the Evil-minded. To some of them was assigned a bodily form, a "local habitation, and a name." To the former class of these spiritual existences, they were wont to render their acknowledgments at their annual festivals, for imagined favors, and to supplicate of the Great Spirit the continuance of their watchful care. In the creation of these subordinate beings, the Iroquois manifested their knowledge of the necessity of an Omnipresent Ruler; and at the same time they exhibited their limited comprehension of infinite power. Through these instrumentalities, they believed the Great Spirit was enabled, with ease and convenience, to administer the affairs of nature and of man.

To *Hé-no* he committed the thunderbolt; at once the voice of admonition, and the instrument of vengeance. He also intrusted to him the formation of the cloud, and the gift of rain. By *Hé-no* was the earth to be cooled and refreshed, vegetation sustained, the harvest ripened, and the fruits of the earth matured. The terror of the Thunderer was held over evil-doers, but especially over witches. With power to inflict the most instantaneous and

fearful punishment, he was regarded as the avenger of the deeds of evil. He is represented as having the form of a man, and as wearing the costume of a warrior. Upon his head he wore a magical feather, which rendered him invulnerable against the attacks of the Evil-minded. On his back he carried a basket filled with fragments of chert rock, which he launched at evil spirits and witches, whenever he discovered them, as he rode in the clouds. In the spring-time when the seeds were committed to the ground, there was always an invocation of *Hé-no*, that he would water them, and nourish their growth. At the harvest festival they returned thanks to *Hé-no* for the gift of rain. They also rendered their thanks to the Great Spirit for the harvest, and supplicated him to continue to them the watchful care of the Thunderer. There is a fanciful legend in relation to *Hé-no*, to the effect that he once made his habitation in a cave under Niagara Falls, behind the sheet, where he dwelt amid the grateful noise and din of waters. The Great Spirit gave to him three assistants, who have continued nameless, to enable him to maintain a more vigilant supervision over the important interests committed to his guardianship. One of these, the legend declares, was partly of human, and partly of celestial origin. To bring *Hé-no* nearer to their affections, the Iroquois always addressed him under the appellation of Grandfather, and styled themselves his grandchildren. In every act of his, however, they recognised the hand of *Hä-wen-né-yu*.

Another of the spiritual creations of the Iroquois is recognised in *Gä-oh*, the Spirit of the Winds. He is also a mere instrumentality, through whom the Great Spirit moves the elements. Having a human form, with the face of an old man, *Gä-oh* is represented as sitting in solitary confinement, surrounded by a tangle of discordant winds, and ever impatient of restraint. His residence, *Da-yo-dä-do-go-urä* the "Great Home of the Winds," is stationary, in a quarter of the heavens towards the west. Surrounded and compressed by the elements, he ever and anon struggles to free himself from their entanglement. When perfectly quiescent, the winds are at rest. A slight motion sends forth the breeze, which is wafted gently over the face of the earth. When he struggles with restlessness and impatience, the strong wind goes forth to move the clouds, ruffle the waters, and shake the foliage of the forest. But when his restlessness mounts up to phrensy, he puts forth his utmost strength to shake off the confining element. These mighty throes of *Gä-oh* send forth the blasts which sweep the plain, lay low the oak upon the mountain side, and dash the waters against the sky. *Gä-oh* is represented, however, as a beneficent being, ever mindful of the will of the Great Spirit, and solicitous to fulfil his commands.

Perhaps the most beautiful conception in the mythology of the Iroquois, is that in relation to the Three Sisters, the Spirit of Corn, the Spirit of Beans, and the Spirit of Squashes. These plants were regarded as the special gift of *Hä-wen-né-yu*; and they believed that the care of each was intrusted, for the welfare of the Indian, to a separate Spirit. They are supposed to have the forms of beautiful females, to be very fond of each other, and to delight to dwell together. This last belief is illustrated by the natural adaptation of the plants themselves to grow up together in the same field, and perhaps from the same hill.

Their apparel was made of the leaves of their respective plants; and in the growing sen-

son they were believed to visit the fields, and dwell among them. This triad is known under the name of *De-ohä'-ko*, which signifies Our Life, or Our Supporters. They are never mentioned separately, except by description, as they have no individual names. There is a legend in relation to corn, that it was originally of easy cultivation, yielded abundantly, and had a grain exceedingly rich with oil. The Evil-minded, being envious of this great gift of *Hä-wen-né-yu* to man, went forth to the fields, and spread over it a universal blight. Since then it has been harder to cultivate, yields less abundantly, and has lost its original richness. To this day, when the rustling wind waves the corn leaves with a moaning sound, the pious Indian fancies that he hears the spirit of Corn, in her compassion for the red man, still bemoaning, with unavailing regrets, her blighted fruitfulness.

[Cinteott, the goddess of Fecundity among the Mexicans, was also triplicate. Under one aspect she was crowned with ears of corn, and was the Goddess of Maize. Under another, crowned with flowers, the Goddess of Love; and under another, springing from the waves, the counterpart of the Hindoo Lochsni, and the Grecian Venus Aphrodite, the beautiful Goddess of Abundance. A similar conception runs through all the ruder mythologies of the savage tribes of both North and South America.]

#### THE SACRED OFFICE OF TOBACCO.

The Iroquois believed that tobacco was given to them as the means of communication with the spiritual world. By burning tobacco, they could send up their petitions with its ascending incense, to the Great Spirit, and render their acknowledgments acceptably for his blessings. Without this instrumentality, the ear of *Hä-wen-né-yu* could not be gained. In like manner they returned their thanks at each recurring festival to the Invisible Aids for their friendly offices, and protecting care. It was also their custom to return thanks to the trees, shrubs, and plants, to the springs, rivers, and streams, to the fire and wind, and to the sun, moon, and stars; in a word, to every object in nature, which ministered to their wants, and thus awakened a feeling of gratitude. But this was done without the intervention of the incense of tobacco. They addressed the object itself.

#### LODGE LORE.

The proneness of the Indian mind to superstitious belief is chiefly to be ascribed to their legendary literature. The fables which have been handed down from generation to generation, to be rehearsed to the young from year to year, would fill volumes. These fabulous tales, for exuberance of fancy and extravagance of invention, not only surpass the fire-side stories of all other people, but to their diversity and number there is apparently no limit. There were fables of a race of pigmies who dwelt within the earth, but who were endued with such herculean strength as to tear up by its roots the forest oak, and shoot it from their bows; fables of a buffalo of such huge dimensions as to thresh down the forest in his march; fables of ferocious flying-heads, winging themselves through the air; of serpents paralysing by a look; of a monster musquito, who thrust his bill through the bodies of his victims, and drew their blood in the twinkling of an eye. There were fables of a race of stone giants who dwelt in the north; of a monster bear, more terrific than the buffalo; of a monster lizard, more destructive than the serpent. There were tales of witches, and

\* This is an original uncompounded word, and in the Seneca dialect. It signifies simply "A Ruler."



supernatural visitations, together with marvellous stories of personal adventure. Super-added to the fables of this description, were legends upon a thousand subjects, in which fact was embellished with fiction. These legends entered into the affairs of private life and of individuals, and were explanatory of a multitude of popular beliefs. Mingled up with this mass of fable, were their historical traditions. This branch of their unwritten literature is both valuable and interesting. \* \* \* \*

The rehearsal of these marvellous tales furnished the chief entertainment at the fireside in the Indian village, and also at the lodge far hid in the depths of the forest. The credulity of youth would know no limits, when the narrator himself credited the tale he was relating. \* \* \* \*

From a vague and indefinable dread, these fables were never related in the summer season, when the imagination was peculiarly susceptible. As soon as the bud had opened on the trees, these stories were hushed, and their historical traditions substituted. But when the leaves began to fall, their rehearsal again furnished the chief amusement of the hours of leisure in Indian society.

We must terminate our extracts for this week, but shall take an early opportunity to present, from the same authentic source, some further information touching the Festivals of the Iroquois, and the principles of their League.

#### THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

**FOURTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING,** November 19, 1850.—The Hon. LUTHER BRADISH, President, in the chair. After some preliminary routine business in the rooms of the Society, the meeting adjourned to the chapel of the University, where the Hon. W. W. CAMPBELL pronounced the anniversary address on "The Progress of Historical Research in the United States in the last Twenty-five Years." We are indebted principally to the reports in the Tribune and Express for the following synopsis of the addresses on this occasion. Judge CAMPBELL said, in substance, that, he was glad to see these gatherings on occasions like the present, as they proved that the spirit of historical research was still alive amongst us. Not until the first quarter of the present century had passed was there peace on the earth—then, indeed, a new era in the historical age of our country commenced. On the fourth of July, 1826, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, the framer and supporter of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, died—the great stars of our war of independence were dropping off one by one, and these historical researches could be carried on by but few. Most of the documents had been carried off by Colonial Governments—others were locked up in State archives, and were zealously guarded. But all these foreign parts have been ransacked—the documents have been recovered—the foreign States of Europe have rendered up their secrets, and our historians have brought back, not the trophies of war, but the fruits of peace. In 1827 the first of American historical works appeared, in Washington Irving's *Lives and Voyages of Christopher Columbus and his Companions*. In 1795-6 the remains of Columbus had been removed from St. Domingo to Havana, and with great pomp and glory deposited to rest in the bosom of the "Queen of the Antilles," and now his deeds were to be chronicled by the most polished writer of the New World. The interest of a romance runs through the whole work, and the reader can hardly persuade himself that he is perusing a work of national

history. In 1837, Prescott, the second great American historian, gave to the world his first work, the history of Ferdinand and Isabella. An American historian details the luxuries of the Spanish Court, the Wars of Ferdinand, and the customs of those times. In 1840, Bancroft published the first volume of his history of the United States, which work is not yet completed, but which, so far as it has gone, has elicited the wonder and admiration of the age.

The Lecturer had alluded to but few of the works of American authors—if there was time he might allude to Sparks, Everett, and others. To show how extensive the list of works of American authors was, he would mention that in 1846 Mr. Ludwig, a German scholar, published a catalogue of American historical and geographical works. The catalogue covers a hundred and eighty odd octavo pages, and comprises the titles of more than a thousand works. These books are mainly historical, relating to the local history of States, counties, towns, hamlets, &c. The catalogue does not comprise the title of any composition of State papers, any writings on religion or politics, nor any works of miscellaneous literature—most of these volumes have been issued since 1830. At that period there was hardly a historical work in the country; but since that time hundreds of works have been written.

Biography is another great branch of historical research. It has been said that biography was history exemplified. Many great men keep very full and minute records of their times, and, indeed, these autobiographies are very useful as histories. For instance, the voluminous writings of the elder and the younger Adams. But still, however useful they may prove at times, biographies may not always be relied upon as histories, especially when the editor takes upon himself to make assertions in notes without authorities in the text. In the present case, Charles Francis Adams, the editor of the works of the elder and younger Adams, has declared in a note, without any authority in the text, that the people of New York were not with the people of the other twelve Colonies at the time of the Revolution, but sided, in feelings and sympathies, with the people of Great Britain; that this partiality to the mother country did not cease with the Revolution, and that in no State in the Union is there so much political plotting and disturbance. Such declarations are entirely without foundation, and the speaker hoped the people of New York would not suffer such assertions to be engrafted upon the history of New York, without a suitable contradiction. From the earliest settlement of the country to the close of the Revolution, New York has been the scene of many of the principal battles of the country; indeed, it may be termed the Flanders of America; first with the Indians, then with the French, and lastly with Great Britain. On every hill top have the watch fires been kindled, and in every vale has the deadly strife been waged. The history of New York is yet to be written, and it is a subject of congratulation that another distinguished member of this society, formerly the State Historical agent, a gentleman who spent several years in Europe, searching out the archives of other countries, has entered vigorously upon the task, and the work may be safely trusted in his hands.

To return to the immediate subject in his lecture, Judge CAMPBELL remarked that the New York Historical Society was organized in 1804. Previously, a Society had been established in Massachusetts, and subsequently

they have been established in almost all the States of the Union, and in many of the States county societies have also been organized. The New York Society in its organization was assisted by De Witt Clinton and other eminent men of his time, and flourished for some years, but about twenty years ago the affairs of the Society languished—the library was locked up, and very seldom could a quorum of members be gathered to transact the most ordinary business. But another impulse was given to the society, and at present it is one of the most flourishing institutions of the kind. As an historical library, the collection of the Society is the most extensive in the United States. The collection of MSS. is very rare, and the files of newspapers, especially those of the last century, very valuable, and most of them incapable of being replaced if destroyed by fire. For this reason the friends of the Society have been endeavoring for some time to collect funds for the purpose of erecting a fire-proof building for the preservation of the valuable library of the institution, and the speaker had no doubt that if the erection of such a building was found expedient, the money would be forthcoming.

Judge CAMPBELL concluded his remarks with an eloquent tribute to the memory of General Taylor, late President of the United States, who, the speaker said, had been made an honorary member of the Historical Society, not on account of his historical writings, but on account of his historical actions, and because he was a subject of history. The speaker then sat down, having occupied the attention of the audience for some three quarters of an hour.

Rev. Dr. BETHUNE then rose and begged leave to offer the following resolution, which he hoped would receive the unanimous approval of the Society:

*Resolved,* That the thanks of the New York Historical Society be presented to the Hon. Wm. W. Campbell for the able and eloquent anniversary address which he has just delivered, and that a copy be requested for publication.

"I say," continued Rev. Dr. BETHUNE, after reading the above, "I anticipate the unanimous approval of this resolution by the Society. The history of the United States, and of each State and town, contains materials of the most important character to future times. I am but speaking a truism when I say there has been no country in any age of the world which has so rapidly, and with such extraordinary fortune, attained to such a height of prosperity. It is our duty to show to future generations the various methods and influences which have combined to produce such stupendous results. I cannot help thanking our learned friend of New York for the handsome manner in which he has spoken of his great and neglected State. I say neglected State, for it is a fact that we New Yorkers—and I thank God that I am one—have been so overlaid by the emigration and influence of others among us that we have almost forgotten our individual existence—that we were not all Yankees, or something else. It is only a few years since we met at our semi-centenary and we heard not a word of New Yorkers. It is high time that we should remember that we have our history to write, and illustrious names to preserve—names of men who have contributed so much to the honor and stability of our great State.

"There are among the honored members of this Society gentlemen who are not New Yorkers, but they must pardon us if we have our feelings upon this subject. And let us re-

member, if it has not the historical importance in the minds of men which it so justly deserves, it is to be attributed to the supine indifference of its sons. It is the duty of this Society to see that this long neglect be atoned for. This is a mighty State, and this is a mighty city. It is a city of merchant princes, into which the wealth of the world is flowing; but, while we rejoice in its prosperity, can we say it has been distinguished for that patronage of learning which the wealth would warrant us to expect? A feeling pervades this community that it is not the possession of wealth, but the use of it, that dignifies and renders its possessor worthy of respect. It is not the exhibition of splendor and fashionable pride which entitles man to honor. If he shows me only his wealth and his elaborate furniture he but reminds me of his wealth and my poverty, and I thank him not for it. But if he shows me upon his walls pictures from the pencils of the native genius of my land—if he pleases my eye with the evidence of present success and promises of still higher future triumphs—if he has brought from some nook of obscurity a suffering child of genius, and has enabled him to glorify and serve his country—if he shows me he has laid the corner-stone of some institution for the instruction of the young—then I thank him. I thank God who made him rich, and that he has used his riches for such noble ends. There is no envy of such a man—all men honor and respect him, and he receives, as he deserves, their eulogies. But the man who lives only to accumulate and hoard, and who leaves no record of his usefulness in arts, or letters, or morals, or religion, or charity, goes

"To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

"I trust, therefore, that while the trumpet-like peals to which we have listened will encourage the laborers in their work, it will also rouse the men of wealth to show their love of country by aiding its genius and doing all in their power to enhance the resources and increase the opportunities of historical research."

After the above remarks the resolution was unanimously adopted. Benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Dr. Adams, and the meeting adjourned.

STATED MEETING, December 3, 1850.—Rev. THOMAS DE WITT, D.D., first Vice President, in the chair. The minutes of the two last meetings were read and approved. The Hon. LUTHER BRADISH, President, then assumed the chair.

Hon. JAMES W. BEEKMAN, Domestic Corresponding Secretary, presented and read a letter from President FILLMORE, acknowledging his election as an Honorary Member of the Society.

Mr. GEORGE H. MOORE, the Librarian, reported the donations and additions to the Library during the month of November. Among them he called attention particularly to the new publication of the American Antiquarian Society, being the First Part of Vol. III. of the *Archæologia Americana*. It is devoted to the Records of the Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, from 1628 to 1641, as contained in the first volume of the Archives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Not only the framework of the civil and political history of Massachusetts, for the first twelve years of its colonial existence, is to be found in these pages, but they embody details of private life, and the ordinary wants and transactions of society, such as are not usually met with in legislative records. A bet-

ter "portraiture of the time" could not well be presented.

Mr. MOORE also remarked, with reference to the donation of Mr. D. B. Van Ronten, of an imperfect copy of the original edition of the History of the Negro Plot of 1741, upon its exceeding rarity, which was such even in 1810, when the late John Pintard edited the reprint, that it was with the utmost difficulty a perfect copy could be obtained for the purpose of republication.

Mr. MOORE further stated that he had received a letter from CHARLES F. THAYER, Esq., asking for information with respect to the Indian name of Lake Champlain, in order to give a new appellation to what is now called "Rouse's Point"—a place rendered famous in the N. E. Boundary negotiations.

He (Mr. M.) had never met with any Indian name for Lake Champlain. The Richelieu or Sorel River, is called by Champlain "the River of the Iroquois," and the earlier maps show that the Lake was then known (about 1609) to Europeans as the "Lake of the Iroquois." After the death of Arendt Van Corlear it was called by the Dutch and English "Corlear's Lake," from the circumstance of his having been drowned there. There is a sketch of his life in O'Callaghan's History: Vol. I. p. 322, note. He is called by the author "one of those characters who deserved to live in history." And it was in honor of his memory that the Indians addressed all succeeding Governors of New York by the name of "Corlear."

Upon Popple's Map of the British Map in America (1733), the Lake is called "Champlain, Chamblé, Sorel, or Iroquois." Champlain discovered and gave his name to the Lake in 1609. The name Chamblé is from that of another French officer, as well as Sorel, both of whom were captains in the Regiment Carignan Salières, which had distinguished itself in Hungary, in the war against the Turks, and which won new laurels in the contests with the Iroquois in America.

Mr. MOORE submitted the subject to the Society, more with a view to elicit information than to communicate any, and desired the members to furnish the original Indian name, if any might be discovered.

The Librarian further stated that he had received a communication from the agent of the Territory of Utah, Mr. JOHN M. BOCUHISEL, who is charged with the duty of collecting a Library for the citizens of that territory. Congress has appropriated five thousand dollars towards this object; and in order to further the design, the agent has addressed his circular to various authors and publishers, as well as literary institutions, soliciting their aid and contributions to the Library of Utah—a territory which is doubtless destined to exert an important influence among our Pacific States.

They place their claim upon substantial grounds. "The position of our territory (quoting the circular) cuts us off from all the depositories of learning accessible to others, and we can only rely upon the distant periods of arrival of our mails, to learn what is transpiring in our common country. A library for constant reference and mental culture in the more abstract intellectual sciences, is more than desirable; it is vital to our existence and prosperity."

The Librarian commended the object to the attention of the members, and expressed his readiness to forward any donations which might be sent to the rooms of the Society for transmission.

In conclusion, Mr. MOORE presented a drawing of the Flag of the Privileged West India Company, for which the authority was derived from a Dutch work on Ship Building, published at Amsterdam in 1705. It is the tricolor, orange, white, and blue, of Holland, differing only from the flag of the States, in having the letters G. W. C. placed in the centre of the white stripe. He (Mr. M.) had caused it to be drawn as an interesting souvenir of the Dutch colony, which first settled New York—for it was under this Flag of "De Geoe. troeyerde West Indise Compaigne" (the Privileged West India Company), that Hudson discovered and gave his name to the Great River of the New Netherlands.

Rev. Dr. ROBINSON, Chairman of the Executive Committee, reported several nominations as approved, which were accordingly passed by the Society. He also reported, from the same Committee, resolutions expressing the sense of obligation entertained by the Society, for the continued and efficient services of Colonel Andrew Warner, late Recording Secretary, which were unanimously adopted.

Various nominations for membership were made, and severally referred to the Executive Committee.

Mr. JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD then read a paper on "The Dutch in the Netherlands, and the Dutch in New Netherlands," a special report of which we reserve for an early occasion.

On motion of Judge CAMPBELL, the thanks of the Society were tendered to Mr. BRODHEAD, and a copy of his paper requested for the archives.

Rev. Dr. SPRING, in voting for the resolution of thanks, did not wish to be committed as endorsing the historical accuracy of the paper. He entertained a high regard for the Dutch character, and regretted that Mr. BRODHEAD did not seem to have an equal respect for the Puritans; and as to the positions assumed by him, he (Dr. SPRING) pledged himself, if required, to prove them untrue.

Col. JAMES B. MURRAY presented a preamble and resolution in relation to the Washington Monument, which were laid on the table.

After the discussion of business matters, the Society adjourned.

The next meeting, January 7, 1851, will be the Annual Meeting, at which the Annual Reports of the Officers, the Executive Committee, and the Trustees of the Building Fund, will be presented—and the Election of Officers for the year 1851 will take place.

#### REVIEWS.

*The Pathways and Abiding Places of Our Lord; illustrated in the Journal of a Tour through the Land of Promise.* By J. M. Wainwright, D.D. Appleton & Co.

This is a portion, occupying something more than a month in its progress, of Dr. Wainwright's eastern tour in 1849, which succeeded a journey through Egypt. It was the original intention to present both these together, with the title—"The Land of Bondage and the Land of Promise;" but the author, we think, has wisely chosen this method of publication, in a single volume, availing himself of the holiday dress and spirit (true Holy-days these) to present his subject in the most attractive form. By the aid of the accurate and spirited views of Bartlett, taken on the spot, the sacred localities are brought freshly home to our perceptions. Works of this class are too often the lifeless compilations of book manufacturers, which, whatever their object may be, fall short of the interest which must attach to



actual travel. Dr. Wainwright's unexaggerating enthusiasm, his flowing style, his infusion of the sacred learning of the subject into his text, commend this book where the author, doubtless, is most desirous it should have a home, not to the exclusive shelves of the learned, but to the firesides of his parishioners, and a larger audience beyond. Of the interest which attaches to his observations and reflections, we give an index to the reader, in the following passages. This is no unmet prelude to an approach towards the Holy City:—

"We were now approaching the point whence we should gain the first view of the Holy City, and shared the emotions of the ten thousands of pilgrims who had visited before us the most remarkable spot on the earth. We should soon behold with our own eyes that city in the world, which God had chosen out of heaven, and which the King of kings had delighted to honor. Who can number the thoughts that crowd around the walls of Jerusalem! The voice of history, sounding to us from the distant ages, tells us of a city here, more venerable by antiquity than any other which the world has now remaining. Athens and Sparta are young in presence of the age of Jerusalem. Homer, and even his oldest heroes and fabulous demigods, Nestor and Hercules themselves, are but moderns compared with the ancient men of Jerusalem. Here the majestic temple of Solomon already raised its pinnacles; and David had sung upon the hills and in the valleys of Jewry before the exploits of Agamemnon and Achilles had been made immortal by the 'Eagle of Song.' More than a thousand years before Rome, 'the Eternal City,' was founded, we are presented with the sublime and affecting picture of Abraham the Patriarch blessing the priest and the prince, who was Melchizedek the king of Salem, this city of peace. Above all, He of whom the king of Salem was but a type, had walked in her streets and preached to her multitudes. He had moistened the very earth with His tears and His blood. Prophets, apostles, martyrs had been here, and the pilgrims of all nations and ages had gone up to Jerusalem before us."

The actual entrance of the travellers presented this peculiar feature:—

"Most travellers have been disappointed in their first impressions of Jerusalem, and we were not to be an exception. How did Jerusalem impress us? how did its sacred places appear? and what have we seen to recall the history of the Bible? I must confess that in many things we were disappointed. The approach to the city is by no means imposing. But there was one circumstance that filled me with astonishment, and I may almost say with melancholy. I mean the absolute silence and desertion that lay about the city, as if she had been bereft of her inhabitants, and abandoned to solitude. Not a living creature was to be seen in any direction. Animal life seemed almost extinct. Not a sound was heard. Not a bird was seen in the air. There was no distant roar like that which usually proceeds from the heart of a great city; no noise of carriages passing to and fro in her streets. Like a cemetery, rather than a living city, she sits amid the dead silence, widowed and solitary!

"We approached, with our own feelings subdued by this mysterious and awful stillness, and had it not been for the single human being that sat by the way-side, waiting for travellers like ourselves, that he might conduct us to some hostel, we might have appeared, and even imagined ourselves to be a caravan of mourners drawing nigh to some city of the dead. How singular, to behold battlements, walls, and towers before you, where not even the hum of life disturbs the stagnant air!

"The mystery is explained by our approaching soon after the noonday repose, and still more by the fact that this is the most rocky and barren part of the environs of the city, and therefore the inhabitants choose to extend their walks in some

other direction. The people in the East are fond of leaving their homes and their towns, and passing the afternoon in the country, or under the olive trees and among the vineyards; and had we approached Jerusalem from any other quarter, we should doubtless have seen more evidences of a populous place. As it was, we entered the city by the Jaffa gate, under a singular train of reflections which solitude in such a place could not fail to awaken."

The various objects at Jerusalem are visited in turn, and we need not say reverently commemorated, though the traveller's stay there was but short. On the subsequent journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth we have this suggestive account of Mount Gerizim, accompanied, as in most of the striking scenes, by a spirited engraving:

"The view from the table-land on the summit of Gerizim is not easily surpassed. We were richly rewarded for our toilsome ascent, by a magnificent prospect, on which it would be difficult to say whether the beauties of nature or the power of association bestowed the higher charm. In the far distance we caught a glimpse of the waters of the Mediterranean, just gleaming on the horizon. The snowy top of Hermon arose in the north, with all its sacred recollections. Beneath us, towards the east, lay the fertile valley that Jacob had bought of Hamor, the father of Shechem, and which at his death he had given to Joseph. As we descended the mountain, we found that this valley was now covered with abundant promise, and the eye rested with delight upon those different tints of green which announced the variety of the approaching harvest. No marvel that Jacob could exclaim of the son to whom he had given this fair inheritance, 'Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall;' for the vale below us was watered by living brooks. It is an interesting fact that the streams divide at Nablous, and flow eastward and westward, to the Mediterranean Sea and the river Jordan. A well watered valley runs up between the famous mountains, and, at the distance of two miles from its commencement, Nablous is situated. Gerizim, upon which we stood, seemed well suited to the pleasing lot that had been assigned to it, as the Mount of Blessing; for it smiled with cultivation and verdure; while the near and opposite Ebal, dark, rugged, bare, and desolate, seemed still, as of old time, to frown with curses."

The work is warmly dedicated by Dr. Wainwright to Robert B. Minturn, of this city, his friend and companion in the tour.

*The Footprints of the Creator; or, the Asterolepis of Stromness.* By Hugh Miller, author of "The Old Red Sandstone," &c. With a Memoir of the author by Louis Agassiz. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

THE object of this work is to defeat the conclusions arrived at by the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," in that showy and popular volume. The two volumes differ as widely in form as they do in substance. The one ranges over the entire field of Geology and Physiology in search for whatever will make out a plausible case; the other summons but a single witness, and rigidly pursues the comparison of the testimony with the conclusion reached in the *Vestiges*, until it vanishes into shadowy absurdities, incapable of bearing the light of a reality as stubborn as the date of its creation is ancient. The idea of a legal trial appears to have been present to the mind of the author of "the Footprints." He states the position of his antagonist, and then calls into court the long buried form of one of the kings of the ancient ocean to bear witness against the modern theory of his birth. This is the issue and the question affirmed by the author of the

*Vestiges*, and other supporters of the "Development Theory." "Every individual, whatever its species or order, begins and increases until it attains to its state of fullest development under certain fixed laws, and in consequence of their operation. The microscopic monad develops into a foetus, the foetus into a child, the child into a man; and however marvellous the process, in none of its stages is there the slightest mixture of miracle: from beginning to end all is progressive development, according to a determinate order of things. Has nature during the vast geological periods been pregnant, in like manner, with the human race? and is the species, like the individual, an effect of progressive development induced and regulated by law?"

The scene where the witness is found is described in so graphic a manner that the lover of nature will feel that it is not unworthy to be the deposit of the secrets of the early days of the creation. The town of Stromness, on the mainland of Orkney, stands "fast jammed in between a steep hill and the sea." "Resting on its granite base in front of the strangely sculptured pyramid of three broad tiers—red, black, and grey—which the Old Red Sandstone of these islands may be regarded as forming, it is but a short half mile from the Great Conglomerate base of the formation, and scarcely a quarter of a mile more from the older beds of its central flagstone deposit; while an hour's sail on the one hand opens to the explorer the overlying deposit of Hoy, and an hour's walk on the other introduces him to the Loch of Stennis, with its curiously mixed flora and fauna." After describing his walk in the long summer evening, we are informed by the author that he discovered "embedded in a greyish-colored layer of hard flag, somewhat less than a hundred yards over the granite, and about a hundred and sixty feet over the upper strata of the conglomerate," "a well marked bone." This relic is known to the amateur geologists of the region as the "petrified nail," and formed a characteristic portion of the *Asterolepis*, the most gigantic ganoid fish of the Old Red Sandstone.

Remains of these fish had been brought from Russia by Sir Roderick Murchison, and by him submitted to Agassiz, who at first considered them as belonging to a large fish of the Cephalaspian order, but afterwards reviewed his opinion, and classed the relics as belonging to a strongly-helmed fish of the *Cœlacanth* order, with a broad flat head. These surmises have been confirmed by the remains discovered in Scotland. It is worth while to extract some of the features of this ancient family of fishes: "The scales of the *Cœlacanth* were, in almost all the genera which compose the family, of great size, in some species, of the greatest size to which this kind of integument ever attained. The exposed portion of the scale was, in most species of the family, curiously fretted by intermingled ridges and furrows, pits and tubercles, which were either boldly relieved or existed as slim, delicately chiselled threads, lines, and dots. The head was covered by strong plates, which were roughened with tubercles, either confluent or detached, or hollowed into shallow pits. The jaws were thickly set with an outer range of true fish teeth, and more thinly with an inner range of what seem *reptile* teeth, that stood up full and bulky behind the others, like officers on horseback seen over the heads of the foot soldiers in front."

"In their general proportions, the *Cœlacantha*, if we perhaps except one species,—the *Glyptolepis microlepidotus*,—were all squat, robust, strongly-

built fishes, of the Dirk Hatterick or Balfour-of-Burley type; and not only in the larger specimens gigantic in their proportions, but remarkable for the strength and weight of their armor, even when of but moderate stature. The specimen of *Holoptichius Nobilissimus* in the British Museum could have measured little more than three feet from snout to tail when most entire; but it must have been nearly a foot in breadth, and a bullet would have rebounded flattened from its scales. And such was that ancient Cœlaeanth family, of which the oldest of our Scotch Ganoids,—the *Asterolepis* of Stromness,—formed one of the members, and which for untold ages has had no living representative."

Such was the general physiognomy of these most ancient ganoids, resembling in some degree the forms of the gar-fish of the Mississippi and its bayous, with their pearly armor of enamelled, lozenge-shaped scales. But the gars want the tremendous development of helm and trenchant jaws of the *asterolepis* of the ancient ocean. One of these cranial bucklers of this fish, in the possession of Mr. M., would have covered the head of a large horse, and another "would have fully covered the front skull of an elephant." The form and anatomical structure is then very minutely described. The cranial buckler was composed of plates of enamelled bone "glued together in bevelled joints" (squamous suture), and covered with the starry tubercles that have given a name to the genus. The lips of the jaw formed of solid bone ended in cog-like teeth, while a thinly-set row of huge reptile teeth stood on a platform of bone forming the top of the cartilage-inclosing box, composing the jaw. The entire semicircular space circumscribed by the lower jaw was filled up by a bony plate, the strong nail-like bone before mentioned occupying the same place in it as the mullion in a gothic window—the nail head being at the centre of the jaw bone, and in some species marked by ligamentary impressions resembling the pit on the head of the human thigh-bone to which the round ligament is attached. Nature has been careful in preserving the memorials of these ancient sea kings: they are in truth mummies, the juice and fat of the body being converted into a bituminous substance in which the bones are preserved.

The size of the *Asterolepis* was very great:

"The nail of the Stromness specimen measures five and a half inches. It must have run along a hyoid plate eleven inches in transverse breadth, and have been associated with a cranial buckler eighteen one eighth inches in length; and the *Asterolepis* to which it belonged must have measured from snout to tail, if formed, as it probably was, in the proportions of its brother Cœlaeanth the *Glyptolepis*, eight feet three inches; and if in those of the *Diplopterus*, from nine feet nine to ten feet six inches. This oldest of Scottish fish—this earliest-born of the Ganoids yet known—was at least as bulky as a large porpoise."

One of the Russian specimens would give a length of eighteen feet, if built in the shorter proportions, and if in the larger, of twenty-three feet in length:

"Thus, in the not unimportant circumstance of size, the most ancient Ganoids yet known, instead of taking their places, agreeably to the demands of the development hypothesis, among the sprats, sticklebacks, and minnows of their class, took their place among its huge basking sharks, gigantic sturgeons, and bulky sword-fishes. They were giants, not dwarfs."

From this critical examination of the size and organization of the *asterolepis*, Mr. Miller concludes thus:—"Up to a certain point in the

geological scale we find the ganoids are not; and when they at length make their appearance upon the stage, they enter large in their stature and high in their organization."

A careful search of the oldest of the fossiliferous rocks has been rewarded by the discovery of the remains of fish. No less than seven different epochs of the rocks classified in upper and lower Silurian and Cambrian have yielded teeth, points of shagreen, and defensive spines. Among these, two defensive spines were found in the Onondaga and Oriskany limestones of the New York geologists. These, though fragmentary, are supposed to have belonged to fish of the placoid order, and to genera related closely to the modern dog fish, and Castracion or Port Jackson shark. A similar spine has been found (in 1847) in the Bala limestone by the geologists of the present government survey in Great Britain. This deposit is towards the very dawn of the animated creation.

The earliest forms of the vertebrated animals met with in geological eras were placoid fish, it is hence an important question to settle their rank among fishes; and an appeal is at once made to the characteristics of existing species of this order. In development of brain, these fishes appear to be above all others. "Of all the common fish of the Scotch seas the spotted or lesser dog fish bears in proportion to its size the largest brain; the grey or spiked dog fish ranks next in its degree of development; the Rays in their various species follow after, and the osseous fishes compose at least the great body of the rear."

"And the instincts of this Placoid family,—one of the truest existing representatives of the Placoids of the Silurian System to which we can appeal,—correspond, we invariably find, with their superior cerebral development. I have seen the common dog-fish, *Spinax Acanthias*, hovering in packs in the Moray Frith, some one or two fathoms away from the side of the herring boat from which, when the fishermen were engaged in hauling their nets, I have watched them, and have admired the caution which, with all their ferocity of disposition, they rarely failed to manifest;—how they kept aloof from the net, even more warily than the cetacea themselves,—though both dog-fish and cetacea are occasionally entangled;—and how, when a few herrings were shaken loose from the meshes, they at once darted upon them, exhibiting for a moment, through the green depths, the pale gleam of their abdomen, as they turned upon their sides to seize the desired morsels,—a motion rendered necessary by the position of the mouth in this family; and how next, their object accomplished, they fell back into their old position, and waited on as before."

These proofs of superior intelligence outweigh considerations drawn from the cartilaginous structure of the interior skeleton or the heterocercal form of the caudal fin. This form of the caudal fin, however, is deemed by Mr. Miller to indicate a higher organization and a closer affinity with the tails of the Saurians of the lina, and even with those of the mammalia, than is shown by the tails of the ordinary osseous fishes.

At the first appearance of living creatures on the earth, as is evident from the sudden absence of their remains in the rocks just below those in which the defensive spines of the Lower Cambrian rocks were found, fish of the highest rank were present. Their dwarfed and degenerate kindred, the dog fish and the Cestracion, still bear evidence that their family once bore rule over the creeping things of the primeval ocean.

The progress of degradation in the various dynasties of animals is very strikingly described by Mr. Miller, from the rocky records

of the past. These early Placoid fishes, as is still seen in the Cestracion, had their double fins—the pectorals and ventrals, the homologues of the limbs of the symmetrical mammals, birds, and reptiles, disposed as in these orders. The first fall in the nature of the fishes, was when the Ganoids of the old red sandstone came on the stage, with their fore limbs stuck on the back of their head, and a still more remarkable degradation is the lot of osseous fishes, the era of whose appearance is with the chalk deposits, for their fore and hind limbs are brought forward, as it were, and girded round their necks. This element of degradation is thus beautifully described, in connexion with the progress of creation. The order of succession revealed by geology is found to be not a rise by slow gradations, as the development theory demands, but by revolutions of dynasties.

"There is geologic evidence, as has been shown, that in the course of creation the higher orders succeeded the lower. We have no good reason to believe that the mollusc and crustacean preceded the fish, seeing that discovery, in its slow course, has already traced the vertebrata in the ichthyic form, down to deposits which only a few years ago were regarded as representatives of the first beginnings of organized existence on our planet, and that it has at the same time failed to add a lower system to that in which their remains occur. But the fish seems most certainly to have preceded the reptile and the bird; the reptile and the bird to have preceded the mammiferous quadruped; and the mammiferous quadruped to have preceded man,—rational, accountable man, whom God created in his own image,—the much-loved Benjamin of the family,—last born of all creatures. It is of itself an extraordinary fact, without reference to other considerations, that the order adopted by Cuvier, in his animal kingdom, as that in which the four great classes of vertebrate animals, when marshalled according to their rank and standing, naturally range, should be also that in which they occur in order of time. The brain, which bears an average proportion to the spinal cord of not more than two to one, came first,—it is the brain of the fish; that which bears to the spinal cord an average proportion of two and a half to one succeeded it,—it is the brain of the reptile; then came the brain averaging as three to one,—it is that of the bird; next in succession came the brain that averages as four to one,—it is that of the mammal; and last of all there appeared a brain that averages as twenty-three to one,—reasoning, calculating man had come upon the scene."

The "*Asterolepis*" will be found an admirable antidote to the sophisms of "The Vestiges." It is at once true in its scientific facts and generalizations, just and conclusive in its moral views, and picturesque in the description of Nature it contains. The sketch of Mr. Miller's life and writings by those eminent philosophers, Agassiz and Sir David Brewster, indicates their estimate of his wonderful power as a writer, and skill as a naturalist.

IK MARVEL'S BACHELOR.

*Reveries of a Bachelor: or, a Book of the Heart.*  
By Ik Marvel. Author of *Fresh Gleanings*.  
Baker & Scribner.

In a pleasant preface Mr. Marvel deprecates the misunderstandings of critics, a sensitiveness which we take as a characteristic bit of the bachelor, in advance—a bachelor being, as all the world knows, a most unassured whimsical being, never certain of his heart, never certain of his head, migratory, inconsequential, loosely attached to society, and, as a consequence, when he presumes to write a book utterly insecure of his style and position. The pre-



sumption, indeed, of such a man writing a book, and acknowledging on the title page any other bachelorship than that of arts, which he should disguise in a dead language, or write in symbols, is the merest trifling with reputation. You don't find women, with their inferior tact, guilty of such niaiserie. Miss Martineau, an extreme case, though she may commit herself fearlessly in such trifles as cow electricity, would repudiate utterly "Reveries by an Old Maid." And in what respect is not a bachelor infinitely worse? Can such a man know anything? He may talk and prattle, and be filled with vapors, and spread himself in type over pages, but for any of the stuff of human nature, *quoad* Bachelor—he is a fool. If it is Ik Marvel's unfortunate lot in real life to be a bachelor, he should not aggravate the infelicities of the character, by voluntarily grinding his foot into it through an entire duodecimo volume. He is an essayist, and has an eye evidently upon Addison, but does he think Addison could have written the Spectator without his Countess, that exemplary discipline of humanity?

"We learn in marriage what we teach in prose."

Marvel has read Tristram Shandy—does he suppose Laurence Sterne to have penned that courtship of the Widow Wadman—that he could have invented Uncle Toby—that he could have seen into the philosophies of "My Father" as a bachelor, or without that grand pathetic courtship and success which he celebrates for his daughter Lydia? Uncle Toby was the munificent gift to the world of a married man. Let bachelors remember this when they seek to draw that capacious hide over their dwarfed shoulders. Rabelais, to be sure, was unmarried, but then he was a Friar, and gifted with superior spiritual intelligence. What a poor, sneaking rascal is his bachelor Panurge, going about bamboozled by fools, doctors, lawyers, in a chimerical vacuum about a wife. To step over a few years, what would Dickens's "Household Words" be worth without Mrs. Dickens? Where would be Mrs. Gamp?

Any deficiencies, therefore, that Ik Marvel's *Reveries* may labor under are to be set down to his present undeveloped condition.

If the reader finds him prosy it is truth to character; if he nibbles at the outside of things with more words than matter from the heart of them, how can it be otherwise; if he gets his ideas of life from the farces at Burtons, where else is he to obtain them; if he imagines he smokes—it is but Jeremy Taylor's "dream of the shadow of smoke;" he may fancy that a piece of crunched toast is a breakfast, but can he dine?

Ik Marvel, we have it from the evidence of this book, were any other wanting, is John Timon of the Lorgnette. He is the same gentleman throughout, reads the same books, and is given to the same moods of observation and sentiment. It was a difficult thing to get well through a couple of volumes on New York society; but Ik Marvel, when he found the society naught, threw himself and his library in, and accomplished it. In these *Reveries* he is constrained by no snobs or parvenues, but, having full swing for himself, fills his book with confiding and pleasant thoughts, sketching his experiences, at home and abroad, in a spirit grave and light, which, we cannot mistake the fact, though personally unacquainted with the author, reflects a very happy nature. Reader, bachelor or Benedict, you will be all the better for possessing this daintily arranged book of Ik Marvel's *Reveries*.

*America Discovered.* A Poem, in Twelve Books. By an American. Trow.

LET no man dare henceforth to say, "America hath no Poet." At length one has burst his shell, prepared to dazzle the world with full-fledged radiance.

Originality is all in all as far as authorship is concerned. This Poem is original in the extreme.

We have heard a Sinbadic tale of building ships in the Down East yards by the mile, and cutting them off as required by customers. In a manner somewhat similar this poem must have been constructed. The author probably spun a yarn of wondrous length, and then chopped it into pieces of a certain measure, rounding off the sharp edges into a species of pseudo-rhyme. The poem is of the composite order; the style, Hudibrastic-Miltonic; the metre and rhythm strictly *sui generis*.

The plot is ingenious and romantic. A clique of angels, who are the celestial M.P.'s of this continent, somewhere about the year of grace 1450, hold a heavenly powwow upon the mountains of Chili, and determine to introduce America to the acquaintance of Europeans.

Two of this upper police, rising young men, Messieurs Abdah & Haddiel, who appear to be the "Prince John Davis" and "A. M. C. Smith" of the station, are dispatched to obtain permission. On their route they make a morning call upon Abraham and Adam, are well received, and appear to have had a pretty good time. Permission is obtained, and Mr. Abdah departs to cram the mind of the juvenile Columbus. We may as well hint here that our author has made a remarkable discovery, viz. that angels are mortals like ourselves—that their lives are frequently in danger; and we see no good reason to doubt the existence of Celestial Life-Insurance Companies. The angels are thus addressed:—

"Warriors, who long the doubtful strife  
Of blood have borne; and high o'er earth, in spring,  
In winter, through all time, have risked your lives  
My flag to bear."

Abdah finds Columbus quietly sitting upon the banks of a rivulet, and the interesting traveller's dress being somewhat singular, excites the latter's surprise. No wonder, we think:—

"His head  
A grassy cap concealed" (*Panama, probably*).  
"From chin to thigh  
A frock by flaxen band was tied, coarse slippers broid  
His feet; around his leg kind nature was his shield."

Pantaloons are evidently *nowhere*!

Columbus, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, asks a great many questions of our South American "Gillie;" and is particularly anxious to know whether he is in search of a lamb, a bullock, or his sweetheart; or if he only intends to call upon some friend and enjoy a comfortable pipe and pot?

Abdah politely informs him that he is entirely out:—

"No lamb  
I seek, or bullock lost; nor maid here TRAILS  
My loving heart,"

and wishes to know what Columbus is doing perched upon a rock, by the brook-side? Whether he has a friend buried there? whether he is going a fishing, or has lately been jilted? for he adds:—

"Young love is often brine as well as nectar."

This idea is probably derived from the Turk who commits his young love to the brine after he has necked her.

The angel, having inoculated Christopher with a desire to ramble, departs; and ere long we find the latter upon the Mediterranean, in

a ship commanded by a Captain Gascon—by all accounts a terrible fellow. They soon have a desperate fight with a Turkish vessel, which makes her appearance thus:

"Curled on the breeze,  
Three moons new-born its hoisted shroud did wave  
Around a globe of green—the bridges these  
Of Turkish blood and hate. Aroused, brave Gascon cries  
'To arms! to arms,' war's vengeance blazing in his  
eyes."

We are happy to inform our readers that the Turk came off second best in the engagement.

It were impossible for us to follow the poem to its denouement, and we must close with a fair specimen of the author's sentimental style:—

"How man's morning sigh breathes its perfume  
On air, long ere the sultry sun its noon  
Had reached. How man's infant's smile doth bloom  
To fade upon the eye, ere time has run  
One cycle of its course," &c., &c.

As a solar cycle is twenty-eight years, we opine that the infants who attain it must be very old children indeed.

Yet let not these ill got-up angels drive from our minds the visitants of old, the lofty brood of Milton or Spenser's "pursuivants."

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succor us that succor want!  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies like flying pursuivants,  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward!  
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such  
regard?"

It is a very peculiar trait of American literature, that it is continually producing such crude, ill-considered, yet laborious *epic* poems. The authors we presume to be in all cases men of good intentions; they have, perhaps, worked upon the idea for life; and a man may do worse things in the world than write a bathetic, rigmarole poem. We should be the last, unnecessarily, to wound their feelings; though perhaps this, in most cases, is impossible. The armor of vanity, the strength of triple brass, is impregnable. But tender mercy in such cases takes the guise of cruelty. The idea of an "epic," like that of "perpetual motion," is very seductive to the unpractised, and though both may not be alike impossible, the sooner in most cases they are put out of the way the better.

#### NEW HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS.

*The Documentary History of the State of New York*; arranged under Direction of the Hon. Christopher Morgan. By E. B. O'Callaghan, M.D. Vol. II. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co.

*Archæologia Americana. Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society.* Vol. III.—Part 1. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

*Collections concerning the Early History of the Founders of New Plymouth, the First Colonists of New England.* By Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. London: J. Russell Smith.

*Historical Collections of Louisiana.* By B. F. French. Part II. Phila.: Daniels & Smith.

*Canada and the Continental Congress*; delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, at their Annual Address, 31st Jan., 1850. By William Duane. Phila.: Edward Gaskill.

On another page will be found a tribute from the pen of Mr. W. W. Campbell, himself an efficient laborer in the cause, to the recent prosecutors of American History. A happy commentary on his positions is supplied by the

list of new publications on this now fertile, but sometime neglected text, which we have just given. Here, from divers parts of the country, and even from old England, we have contributions of the most important material to the study of American History. From Massachusetts Bay to the Delta of the Mississippi, from the western frontier of New York, from Colonial, from Revolutionary history, are brought together original documents and papers which call before us the days of the past with the authenticity of the present. They supply to us the morning newspaper, as it were, of two hundred years ago. In this resuscitation of the past, we must bear our willing witness to the zeal of those members of our Legislature, and officers of our State Government, who, in spite of the well known "impracticabilities" besetting such efforts, have succeeded in putting within the reach of the people the mass of valuable papers in the Documentary History of the State. To the Hon. Christopher Morgan the general direction of this publication is assigned, while its special preparation is intrusted to Dr. O'Callaghan, the author of the History of the New Netherlands. At a first glance the two volumes published present rather a miscellaneous appearance; but this, on examination, appears evidently due to the fair intention of representing the different portions of the State. Within these limits much well prepared and naturally allied information is brought together; which, in the general view, falls readily under a few appropriate divisions, as of the Indian antiquities, which commence the first volume; the settlement of the Western Counties in the Onondago, and other papers in the first volume, and the Tracts relating to Genesee County in the second; the political history of New York, its Indian relations, &c., in the greatly needed evidence of the Sir William Johnson MSS. and Leisler documents; the social history in the census and rate returns, &c. On each and all these points we are furnished with information full and minute, which can only be properly valued by one who has attempted the investigation of any of the topics referred to, and been thrown out at the outset. Compare, for instance, the meagre materials relating to Gov. Leisler in the Historical Society, with the mass of original papers here presented from the collection of Mr. Brodhead. These are matters to be thankful for.

The people of Massachusetts have been far in advance of us in the popular presentation of their early memorials, which are now fairly engrafted on no little of the general literature of the day. An example in point was given last week in this journal, in the review of a New England Novel, which drew upon history for its home pictures, and upon Diedrich Knickerbocker for its portraits of the Dutch!

The publication of Massachusetts Bay Company Records from 1628 to 1641, is a sound proof of the healthy condition of the American Antiquarian Society, now presided over by Hon. Edward Everett. It is in the true spirit to transcribe and publish these original MSS., not content with the liberal and enlightened use made of them in his interesting "Chronicles" by Dr. Young. They are now carefully transcribed from the State archives, with great care and industry. The notes lacking to Mr. O'Callaghan's "Documents," are here duly supplied. The prefatory chapter on the "Origin of the Company" is full, and well arranged. A note on one of the Patentees, Sir Henry Roswell, a supposed victim of the jests of Hudibras, strips Macaulay of the originality of an epigram—his famous mot, "The Puritans hated

bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." This is in Hume: "Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian: the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence."

Mr. Hunter's English contribution to early American history relates to the lives and fortunes of the New England leaders, Brewster and Bradford, in their families and religious position at home. It is written in the true antiquarian spirit, and should not be overlooked by the American student as a valuable monograph of the times.

The first volume of Mr. French's Louisiana Collection, containing Documents from 1678 to 1691, appeared in 1846. It embraced with other matter, the interesting journal of Joutel, the companion of De la Salle's last voyage to discover the Mississippi. The present, of rare historical value, includes an Analytical Index of Public Documents in Paris, relating to the Discovery and Early Settlement of Louisiana, with the translation of a recently discovered MS. journal of De Soto's Expedition, by Luis Hernandez de Biedma, a companion of its fortunes in the capacity of "Factor to his Majesty." It is brief alongside of the narrative of the "Gentleman of Elvas," translated by Hackluyt and reprinted—a welcome gift to the American reader—from the scarce and expensive quarto—in this volume; but it is of importance from its apparent faithfulness and straightforward narrative of the Spanish discoveries of the South West. It is annotated by Mr. French. The Description of the English Province of Carolina, its topography, manners, and productions, by Daniel Coxe, is also reprinted, with a translation from the French of Marquette and Joliet's Voyage to the Mississippi in 1673. A valuable Map of Louisiana and the Course of the Mississippi, enriched with Indian names prepared by a member of the French Academy of Sciences, prefaces the volume, which, in addition to the papers we have enumerated, contains the Constitution of the Louisiana Historical Society, with a Memoir by Henry A. Bullard, of its first President, the Hon. Francis Xavier Martin.

The address of Mr. Duane is an interesting historical memoir of the dealings of the Continental Congress with the Canadians, with a glance at the possible bearings of the question on some future Congress—Mr. Duane being a hopeful annexationist.

In parting with these valuable contributions of a single season to the study of our history, we cannot but renew our expression of their varied interest. They should be far more generally than they are, in the hands of the people, who are for the most part ignorant of their contents or supplied with second rate transcripts mixed with fiction. Why should not these and similar publications of our Historical Societies be sustained by the common school and other popular libraries for which appropriations are made? They would be admirable substitutes for the jobbing English compilations of foreign matters with which these shelves are often supplied. At any rate every library pretending to any position should be in possession of them.

*Fadette: a Domestic Tale.* From the French. By Matilda M. Hays. G. P. Putnam.—A story of agreeable length, with delicate traits of character, rendered to us in graceful and lady-like English. Fadette belongs to a range of fiction in which modern French writers (when they have chosen to abandon the melodramatic and indecorous) are peculiarly happy—simple, everyday peasant-life, elegantly exhibited, in plot and dia-

logue, with a glancing tinge of sentiment: friendship, love, domestic feeling neatly analyzed and discriminated in its changing shades and phases. This book has a triple guarantee of interest: being the work of one of the most gifted women of France: translated into our own tongue by a most talented and accomplished English lady: and crowned with a cordial and deserved dedication to an American woman of equal eminence with either of her companions, in her own sphere. Three most responsible endorers to an engaging work of fiction!

*Forest Flowers of the West.* By Anna S. Rickey. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—Another proof of the general facility in verse of the ladies of the West, in a volume of pleasing execution, where the love of nature and domestic feeling are well represented. "The Haunted Chamber" is in an imaginative vein, and may be contrasted for variety of feeling with the clever verses on "The Postman."

*Treasured Thoughts from Favorite Authors.* Collected and Arranged by Caroline May. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.—A well prepared collection of Miscellanies from authentic sources, which we cannot better introduce to the reader than in the words of the "Proem," the graceful preface to the volume. This indicates the home growth of the book:—

My father's goodly library  
Is an unfailing store  
Of quiet happiness to me;  
A mine of precious ore:  
And on some vein of silver thought  
Or gold, hid deep therein,  
With earnest heart I oft have wrought  
Its purest wealth to win.

And this stanza, the class of authors relied upon:—

The sweet persuasive Bishop Hall,  
Whose strength in sweetness lies;  
And Taylor, whose rapt accents call  
The tears into one's eyes;  
And rare wise Fuller, whose keen wit  
Pierced to the heart of things;  
And Leighton.—loving, lofty,—fit  
For children or for kings.

These great names are well characterized. The arrangement of the subjects is alphabetical.

*Scenes in the Life of the Saviour: by the Poets and Painters.* Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.—The illustrations of this volume are on wood, representing various New Testament scenes, and the accompanying Poems are taken from the best sources, including Milton's grand Ode on the Nativity, and frequent selections from Keble and the most recent writers. We notice several spirited poems from Croly and Dr. Maginn, while there is a liberal representation of American contributors.

*The Complete Works of Robert Burns; containing his Poems, Songs, and Correspondence, with Life and Notes.* By Allan Cunningham. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.—A choice and highly desirable reprint of Nature's great favorite. The "Life" is a well chosen one among the numerous eminent ones of Lockhart, Wilson, and others, for no one has been more fortunate in his biographers than Burns. The "general correspondence" appropriately succeeds the Poems, the best illustrations of the author's genius that could be given. Burns's letters have, perhaps, been generally undervalued. They contain much good sense and pure writing. The typographical appearance of this volume is elegant, open, and cheerful, appropriate conditions for a poet.

*Winter Evenings; or, Tales of Travellers.* By Maria Hack. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.—The first American reprint of a book popular in England among youthful readers. It is a series of well selected narratives of the adventures and perils of travellers, including stories of African deserts, oriental islands, arctic regions, of Ulloa, Captain Golownin, Captain Bligh, and others, communicating with the interest of hairbreadth escapes, a variety of geographical and other knowledge, the way to which is smoothed by a family dialogue. The engravings are forcible, and



the book altogether belongs to a good class of juvenile productions.

**Redfield's Toy-Books.**—Happy the generation of children for whom these dainty ladders are constructed, where the tiniest foot need not strive to reach, and may go on climbing till it attain quite a lofty summit of learning! In other words, Mr. REDFIELD of Clinton Hall has a series of children's books, admirably illustrated by CHAPMAN, of all sizes, from the breadth of two fingers up to a good-sized 12mo.; little paper-covered primers, which should be bought in these holiday times by the gross, and scattered broad-cast, by fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, and grown up cousins, wherever children are to be found, all over the country.

**Scott & Co.'s Reprint of the Quarterlies.**—With the *North British* for November, Messrs. Scott & Co. conclude their republication of the English reviews for the present year. It is, as usual, a well filled and judicious number, with articles on Carlyle, the Philosophy of Languages, Leigh Hunt's Autobiography, Italian Dictionaries, the British Association, &c. Messrs. Scott's Prospectus for the coming year has the guarantee of the accurate printing and prompt issue which have marked their enterprise for several years. They are to be strictly relied upon, their work passing through one of the best offices in the city, and frequently issued before the English copies are generally received by subscribers; in the case of *Blackwood*, always, by an arrangement with the publishers for the proof sheets. *Blackwood* is issued at twenty-five cents a number. The four Reviews, the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, *Westminster*, and *North British*, representing the fullest variety of English learning, taste, science, and opinion, with *Blackwood*, are furnished to subscribers at the low rate of ten dollars per annum. These publications never stood at a higher point of ability than they do at present. The last numbers of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* represented the best literature and science of the day.

#### CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ

OF BOOKS NOT REPRINTED HERE.

(Prepared from the Best Authorities.)

**The Poor Artist: or, Seven Eyesights and One Object.** London: John Van Voorst.—"Science in Fable" is the motto appropriately borne by the title-page of this little volume. The publication is anonymous; but the author, whoever he may be, under the guise of as pretty an allegory as we have met with for many a long day, has succeeded in inculcating some useful lessons. One of these is, that however well a man may do a thing in the way of his profession, he stands but a poor chance of getting more than bread and water by his labors, unless he also possesses a name. Another truth is, that however clever a man may be, the productions of his genius will not be generally appreciated, and consequently will not be remunerative, unless they are understood by the many.—(*Westminster Rev.*)

**Revelations of Egyptian Mysteries.** By Robert Howard, Practitioner of Medicine. London: H. Colburn.—An amusing book, with a very long title, the second part of which, being somewhat of a curiosity in its way, we give in *extenso*. "History of the Creation, the Causes and the Progress of the Degeneration of Nature, the Conflagration and Manner of the Resurrection of the World, as Allegorically represented by the Egyptian Philosophy, showing the Justice of the Inculcations of the ancient Egyptian Priests and Wise Men, teaching that Salt was Fatally Hurtful to Human Nature. With a Discourse on the Maintenance and Acquisition of Health, on Principles in Accordance with the Wisdom of the Ancients." Who from the above could possibly divine the author's main object to be that of proving how very bad a practice it is to eat salt, and how beneficial to drink vinegar? Yet such is the case. On these two features appear to hinge all his learned disquisitions concerning the creation of the world, the intent of the pyramids, the causes and uses of earthquakes and volcanoes, and many other matters equally erudite and recondite.—(*Ib.*)

**The Lives of the Speakers of the House of Commons.** By James Alexander Manning, Esq., of the Inner Temple. London: E. Churton.—A more appropriate title would have been "Brief Notices of the Speakers," since of many of the eminent men who have occupied the chair of St. Stephens, from the year 1377 downwards, in number 115, we find little more recorded than that they were born, lived, and died. This brevity in great measure necessarily arises from the paucity of materials at the author's command. And we cannot but hope that at some future period, when the depositories of our national records shall have been more thoroughly explored, a greatly extended work on the Speakers will be forthcoming, of which the present volume might form the nucleus.—(*Ib.*)

**The City of the Jugglers; or, Free Trade in Souls.** A Romance of the "Golden" Age. By W. North. London: H. J. Gibbs.—A sort of political romance, with a good subject, but rather clumsily wrought out, the drift of which may be in some measure gathered from one of the mottoes figuring on the title-page—"Every man has his price,"—and from the following commentary upon this trite text:—"No sensible man, in the present age, even affects that absurd and impossible virtue—disinterestedness. If any man does good to another, he does it because it pleases his own feelings—in other words, from a friendly selfish motive. He expects to be paid in gratitude, if not in money. \* \* \* The soul, or galvanic mainspring of the human machine, regulates all its movements. Therefore, everything a man does for money, or other payment, is a sale or mortgage of his soul to another person." "The City of the Jugglers," we need scarcely say, is London. The tone of the book is democratic, and by careful revision and unsparing excision, the "City of the Jugglers" might be rendered a useful auxiliary to the cause of the people.—(*Ib.*)

**Villa Verocchio; or, the Youth of Leonardo da Vinci.** A Tale. By the late Diana Louisa Macdonald. Longman & Co.—The course of Leonardo da Vinci was one of the most extraordinary that the annals of genius have recorded. He ran the round of art and science; became a sculptor, an architect, a musician, a poet, and a painter; applied himself to mathematics, anatomy, mechanics, civil engineering, and other pursuits, and succeeded in all! The history of a man thus wonderfully accomplished, compared with whom the admirable Crichton appears but an unsatisfactory problem, would exhibit a most instructive lesson, not only to artists, but also to others, could it be fully written. Unluckily, not many undoubted facts exist by which we can trace the progress of this remarkable person through the many mazes of his versatile career. We know, however, something of his parentage; something of his pupilage; and a few great pictures survive to attest his genius in the art of painting. Among the few circumstances that we are inclined to trust to, those relating to the artist's youth seem to be the most interesting, and upon the whole to be sufficiently substantiated. And it is upon some of the events of Leonardo's early life that the present tale is founded. All that is known about him, at this period, is carefully embodied in the little story now placed before us; the details necessary to make out the narrative are invented with some skill and much delicacy; and the result is an exceedingly agreeable volume, full of feeling and interest, which we can conscientiously recommend to all readers, young or old, who are willing to be pleased with a pleasant book. The authoress was herself a very accomplished young lady, who died young—in her nineteenth year. Had she lived, we should have augured confidently of her prosperous career in letters. As it is, her early death is not without its influence, in stamping a melancholy interest upon the only production that issued from her pen.—(*Examiner.*)

THE gentle mind by gentle deeds is known;  
For a man by nothing is so well bewar'd  
As by his manners; in which plain is shown  
Of what degree, and what race he is grown.

SPENSER.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW work is in preparation by Miss Cooper, the daughter of the novelist, and author of the much approved "Rural Hours" of the last season.

We see the title of Mr. James's American novel, of the times of Cotton Mather, given as "Christian Laey." Native writers who have any lingering intentions respecting available American history, must look out for "the first cut" in time.

Mr. Hawthorne's forthcoming work is to be called "The House of Seven Gables."

A new edition of the Speeches of Daniel Webster is forthcoming from Boston.

Some time since a publication was talked of by Solymann Brown, Esq., Odontologist, a collection of the effusions of the American muse, on the occasion of the Jenny Lind Prize Song. It was an idea altogether too good to be abandoned. We regret that we are unable to report progress.

Messrs. Appleton have returned to their old stand in Broadway, where, in their newly erected building, they have one of the finest bookstores in the world—worthy of a visit for its simple and effective architectural arrangement, as for the display of choice literature which crowds its long lines of shelves. A bronze casting, modelled by the sculptor Brown, is to be set up above the doorway.

A new building is in course of erection for the accommodation of the increasing business of Messrs. Bangs & Brother. It will occupy a prominent position in Park Place.

Alfred Tennyson has received the appointment of Poet Laureate.

Newby (London) announces, in two vols. post 8vo., "Talvi's History of the Colonization of America. By William Hazlitt."

Murray promises for December—"A Memoir of the late Bishop of Norwich, with his Addressee and Charges. By Rev. A. P. Stanley, author of Life of Dr. Arnold. 8vo."

"Voyage of the Prince Albert in Search of Sir John Franklin, a Narrative of Everyday Life in the Arctic Seas, by W. P. Snow;" "Dahomey and the Dahomans: being the Journals of Two Missions to the King of Dahomey, and Residence at his Capital, by Commander F. E. Forbes, R.N.;" "Rovings in the Pacific, &c., from 1837 to 1849, with a glance at San Francisco, by a Resident in one of the Society Islands," are three new announcements of books of travels for the season, by Longman.

Mary Cowden Clarke is publishing a series of Tales, the "Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines," periodically in shilling books, each containing a complete story.

Amongst other articles for sale at the bazaar of the Manchester Athenæum, is an album of original contributions in prose and poetry, from a number of well known writers, of which an English paper furnishes us the following from the pen of Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus:"

#### THE POET'S LOT.

Nature in the poet's heart is limned  
In little: as, in landscape-stones, we see  
The swell of land, and groves, and running streams,  
Fresh from the worlds of chaos; or, perchance,  
The smug hint of antemundane life,—  
A photograph of pre-existent light,  
Or Paradisaal sun. So, in his mind  
The broad conditions of the world are graven,  
Thoroughly and grandly; in accord wherewith  
His life is ruled to be, and eke to bear.  
Wisdom he wills, not only for himself,  
But undergoes the sacred rites whereby  
The privilege he hath earned he may promulge,  
And all men make the partners of his light.

Between the priestly and the laic powers,  
The poet stands—a bright and living link—  
Now chanting odes divine, and sacred spells,—  
Now with fine magic, holy and austere,  
Inviting angels or evoking fiends;  
And now, in festive guise arrayed, his brow  
With golden fillet bounden round—alone  
Earnest to charm the throng that celebrates  
The games now—now the mysteries of life,  
With truths prate and pleasure's choicest play.

Thus he becomes the darling of mankind—  
Armed with the instinct both of rule and right,  
And the world's minion, privileged to speak;  
When all beside—the medley mass—are mute;  
Distills his soul into a song—and dies.

A correspondent of the *Lincolnshire Chronicle* observes of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's seat of Knebworth:—"Let the reader recall the most magnificent apartment he has ever seen—transform the furniture into the richest specimens of the antique on which his eyes have lingered, and then proceed in imagination, through series of rooms, the 'western drawing room,' the 'oval room,' the 'principal drawing room,' with lobbies, landings, boudoirs, and closets, and ceilings groined and gilt, the walls hidden with rich old tapestry and paintings, the chimney-pieces elaborately sculptured, the windows filled with stained glass, telling their separate heraldic or historical stories; and the furniture, partly home made, by our pain-taking ancestors, and partly brought from the Palace of the Medici, at Florence; from Venice, Rome, Naples, Germany, France, Spain, and Greece; and he may form a faint conception of this gorgeous palace of modern genius. Even the bedrooms are worth a week's study by an artist. Here all within is of the age of one of the Henries; next we are brought into the real dormitory of Queen Elizabeth; a few minutes afterwards we are introduced to the accommodations of a cavalier in the time of Charles I. and II.; and anon, we revel in the luxurious appendages of a French *coucher* in the memorable reign of Louis XIV."

M. de Sainte-Beuve, the eminent critic and academician, writes the Paris Correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, has just published an article on Madame de Genlis. He dwells at some length on the curious system of education she adopted with Louis Philippe, and of the effect it had on his conversation and conduct in after life. He says that the ex-King knew a good deal of almost every possible subject, and talked of it not only with volubility, but like a *homme du métier*. Having a prodigious memory, his Majesty could constantly bring forward little facts which other people did not know or had forgotten; and M. de Sainte-Beuve assures us that his vanity was highly gratified whenever he could make a display of this sort of knowledge. One day, he says, he and two other academicians had occasion to wait on the King, and, though they only stopped with him five little minutes, his Majesty found occasion to tell them the date of the foundation of the Académie de la Crusca, which neither of the three knew; and, says the writer, "*il n'était pas fâché de la dire*."

M. Charles Motteley, one of the most ardent collectors of books, who died in September last, has bequeathed his library to the French Republic, on condition that it shall be placed in a gallery bearing his name as the donor. The *Constitutionnel* states that the British Museum had offered £12,000 for this collection, which contained the richest and most numerous Elzevirs, the most magnificent specimens of French and other bindings, and the most curious cabinet of rare works, illustrated manuscripts, &c.

"Poor Heine," says the *Leader*, "is dying. Paralysis has killed every part of him but the head and heart; and yet this diseased body—like that of the noble Augustin Thierry—still owns a lordly intellect. In the brief intervals of suffering Heine prepares the second volume of his '*Buch der Lieder*;' and dictates the memoirs of his life,—which he will make a picture gallery, where the portraits of all the remarkable persons he has seen and known will be hung up for our inspection. Those who know Heine's wicked wit and playful sarcasm will feel, perhaps, somewhat uncomfortable at the idea of sitting for their portraits; but the public will be eager 'for the fun.' There is little of stirring interest in the events of his life; but he has known so many remarkable people, and his powers of vivid painting are of an excellence so rare in German authors, that the announcement of his memoirs will create a great sensation."

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Your readers are familiar with Mrs. Hemans's graceful translation from Schmidt of Lubek (so called to distinguish him from a host of other Smiths) of a piece called the "Stranger's Evening Song." I have discovered lately that the edition of it which she used was not a complete one, there being four stanzas more, of which I send you a translation, indicating where they come into Mrs. Hemans's by inclosing the separate halves of her first stanza in quotation marks.

"I come down from the hills alone;  
Mist wraps the vale, the billows moan;"  
I see the distant evening-star—  
My home—alas! how far—how far!

O'er God's wide world the starry sky  
Spreads out its bright blue tent on high—  
The world so full—and I alone!  
The world so great—and I unknown!

There, house by house, they dwell below,  
And, in and out, contented go;  
But ah! the Stranger, staff in hand  
Goes up and down a friendless land.

On many a lovely vale the day  
Looks in with late and early ray—  
"I wander on in thoughtful care  
For ever asking, sighing where!"

C. T. B.

#### THE MARCH OF THE CLANS.

Written by Mrs. Balmanno, for the Anniversary Festival of the Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York, November 30, 1850.

#### AIR—THE CAMPELLS ARE COMING.

The Clans of the Highlands are up and awa',  
Macdonald, Clanronald, Macgregor, Macrae,  
The tartans are streaming, the war pipes are  
screaming,

The claymores are gleaming, hurra, hurra;  
St. Andrew for Scotland, the bonnie and braw,  
The kilt and the plaidie, the bonnet an' a',  
Brave sons of the heather, strike well and to-  
gether

For auld Scottish honor and glory an' a'.

There's Gordon the gallant, brave Campbell and  
Mar,

The Douglas, the Maxwell, Lochiel, and Dunbar,  
The pibrochs are pealing, while castle and  
shealing

Are proudly revealing the standards of war.  
On, on o'er the hills where the bold eagle flies,  
O'er mairs where the stag and the ptarmigan rise,  
Scott, Farquhar, and Menzies,—the stately Mac-  
kenzies,

Wi' Scotia's proud standard unfurled to the skies.

Macpherson, Macdougall, Macleod, and Dunmore,  
Graeme, Athol, and Airly; Mackay and Kintore,  
Wi' weapons bright glancing, and plumes gaily  
dancing,

Each clan with its pipers proud marching before.  
Bold Frazers, Macfarlanes, and Grants o' the  
Spey,

All gallantly marching in warlike array,  
Through wild torrent plashing,—through deep  
ravine dashing,

Illumed by the beacons bright blazing away.

Joy! joy to the hour, when returning once more,  
The march of the Clans shall resound from the  
shore,

Their triumph is swelling in ha' and low dwelling,  
Where groups of gay dancers spring light on the  
floor,

Like roses in sunshine, when summer winds blow,  
So gracefully bending, so brightly they glow,  
Drink a' wi' full tassie, the sweet Highland lassie,  
There's none like to her, on the earth here below.

#### NEW SONGS BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[From the Third London Edition of the "Princess."]

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;

The cloud may stoop from Heaven and take  
the shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;

But, O too fond, when have I answered thee?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:

Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed;

I strove against the stream and all in vain:

Let the great river take me to the main:

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more.

#### CRADLE SONG.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dropping moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast;

Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon:

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### THE SONG OF THE BELL.

##### A VISIT TO MENEELY'S FOUNDRY.

SCHILLER's beautiful poem usually greets the student of German literature, at his first entrance into that world of mystic beauty. And even those who stand afar off, are familiar with it, if with nothing else; as the mariner at sea knows well the lofty peak that rises through the clouds, though his eyes have never viewed the fair country around its base. In its Author's land, it is reckoned among the most enduring monuments of the language, and impressed on the memory of children at an early age.

But I do not intend to intrude upon its beauties with impertinent criticism. There are, however, some matters concerning it not too sacred to touch upon. At my first reading, I stumbled much at the technical expressions and allusions in the strophe or refrain, upon which, as a thread, the lyrical pearls are strung. For many of these I sought explanation from books and teachers in vain. I was forced to quiet my curiosity, without satisfying it.

Things being thus, I found myself, one day after a summer excursion to Niagara, Trenton, and other customary lions, in the quiet city of Troy, on the Hudson. It then occurred to me that the famous *Meneely*, whose name is familiar to almost every one that has looked at a bell, the fruits of whose handiwork adorn so many towers and spires, had his foundry just across the river. Here, now, I thought I might read, in the actual procedure, what I had failed to find in books.

Embarking, therefore, in that remnant of antiquity, the venerable horse-boat that ferries to and fro upon the river the worthy citizens of these parts, I arrived in a reasonable time, and with little trouble, at the place sought for.

The locality did not at all meet the expectations I had formed. Instead of a mighty edifice, filled with a busy crowd of workmen, I saw only a large yard, containing a little brick building, apparently used for an office, and a rude shed covering a space of perhaps forty by fifteen feet. A number of bells of various sizes, and bell-moulds in different stages of completion, were scattered around the yard. All the operations of the trade were carried



on in the shed. A part of this was partitioned off as a workshop, with machinery for finishing the bells after they came from the mould. The rest of it was occupied with a reverberatory furnace, some cranes for hoisting, and other foundry apparatus. The floor was the bare earth.

Finding I was unquestioned as to my errand, I did not call upon Mr. Meneely for information, and tax his good nature with showing me what my own eyes could discover. To do so, a regard to what I should myself desire forbade me, and during my whole visit I preserved strictly my *incognito*.\*

I found the workmen very intelligent, and ready to answer my questions with great willingness, and altogether I obtained much curious and valuable information. This, with some derived from books not universally accessible, will, I hope, prove not uninteresting to those circumstanced as I was.

The two first lines of the song are:—

"Fast gemauert in der Erden  
Steht die Form, aus Lehm gebrannt."

(Firmly inwalled in the earth, stands the mould of baked clay.) The "form" or mould here spoken of, is, of course, the first thing to be attended to by the bell-founder. According to the ancient method, still adhered to I presume in case of very large bells, this was built up in the pit where the bell was to be cast. The centre or core which shapes the interior was constructed of brick, coated with mixed hay and earth, and finished off with fine clay. An iron rod in the centre served for a pivot, on which turned a pair of rude compasses or callipers, whereby a uniform circularity was insured to this and other parts of the mould. This brickwork was hollow, to admit of a fire for drying or baking the different coats as they were successively laid on. The core being thus finished, the exact form and image of the intended bell was then fashioned upon it, in wax, or some easily melted material of that sort, with all its devices, inscriptions, &c. Over this again was laid fine clay, then coarser materials, and finally brick-work. The waxen bell was then melted out, by the application of heat to the interior of the core, leaving a space of the same shape for the molten metal, which was to be poured in through holes made for that purpose in the top of the mould. Earth was then rammed tightly around the whole, to the level of the foundry floor. So that there was no metaphor in saying "fast inwalled" in the earth.

It is obvious that the whole process required much time and labor. Occasionally, in spite of all the care taken, the casting failed, either from the mould giving way or its not being perfectly dry. The whole operation had then to be repeated, and it was, moreover, an immense labor to break up the mass of metal and melt it again. Hence the great anxiety felt for the success of the work, which the singer of the refrain expresses so often; his pious prayers, and thanks to heaven for his good luck.

But whether from the progress of improvement, or from the smaller size of modern bells, the large fire bells in this city, cast by Meneely, weighing only 6,000 lbs., while we read of bells cast in the middle ages, and still existing in Europe, which contained 20, 30, and even, as the one at Moscow, 400,000 lbs. of metal, this tedious method is superseded at Meneely's foundry by one more speedy and convenient.

Here the external shell is first formed, mouth upwards, in a sort of deep tub, the materials

being simply hay and earth, over which is spread a coating of clay, and finally a preparation resembling Day & Martin's blacking. A board turning on a pivot in the centre, whose profile is that of the intended bell, insures accuracy of shape. These different layers are carefully dried by a chafing dish of burning charcoal suspended within the tub. At this stage the mould resembles a large rude flower-pot. Within this is secured in its proper position the core, formed in substantially the same manner. Being firmly clamped together with iron rods and plates, the whole is now inverted and lowered into the pit dug in the ground near the furnace, and earth solidly rammed about it till it is all covered but the necessary holes for the admission of the metal. No wax is needed by this method, but the shell and core are so fashioned that they leave between them the empty space required.

Under the old plan, a week or more was absolutely necessary for the perfection of a mould: under Meneely's process, two days are sufficient for the largest; and failures seldom happened, a workman told me.

We come now to the melting of the bell metal. This, as is well known, is a compound of about four parts of copper and one of tin for large bells, and three of copper with one of tin for small ones; the exact proportion of the two being a matter wherein the skill and judgment of the master-founder are peculiarly displayed. The ideal of perfection is to combine clear brilliancy of tone with richness in the sound of the bell, and, to that end, properly temper the brittle elasticity of copper with the softness of tin. The latter serves also to render the copper more suitable for the purpose of casting, as stated in the four last lines of the second stanza of the refrain, which reads thus:

"Nehmet Holz vom Fichten stamme,  
Doch recht trocken lasst es seyn,  
Dass die eingepresste Flamme  
Schlage zu dem Schwalch hinein.  
Kocht das Kupfers Brei:  
Schnell das zinn herbei;  
Dass die zähe Glockenspeise  
Fliesse nach der rechten Weise."

[Take wood of the pine trunk; let it be right dry, that the impressed flame may strike in through the flue. The copper broth boils; quick, here, with the tin, that the soft bell-food may flow rightly.]

Copper being a very infusible metal, a great heat is needed to reduce it to a liquid state. For small bells, Meneely uses a sort of crucible or melting pot about the size of a barrel, but for the larger, such as Schiller had in his mind, a reverberatory furnace is necessary.

The reader will obtain the best idea of this latter if he will imagine the chimney of an ordinary fireplace bent back, just above the fire, at a right angle, then downwards, and curved round again into an upright position. The whole will then resemble an S laid sideways, the fire being at one end and the smoke escaping at the other. The copper being placed in the second bend, the flame of the dry wood, urged by the powerful blast, reverberates or strikes over upon it; the "Schwalch" being the narrow flue beyond.

The third stanza contains some points I cannot explain to my satisfaction. The four first lines are—

"Weisse Blasen s's' ich springen;  
Wohl! die Massen sind im Fluss.  
Lass' mit Aschensalz durchdringen  
Dus befördert schnell den Guss."

[I see white bubbles spring up; well! the masses are in fusion. Let it mix with alkali, that hastens the flowing quickly.]

I certainly saw no white bubbles; and I was assured that no alkali of any kind was ever used. Nor do I find it mentioned in any book that I have seen treating upon the subject.

However, the reverberatory furnace was not

in action the afternoon of my visit, the casting being that only of two small bells. Instead, the crucible spoken of was placed in a sort of alcove, and scraps of copper first thrown in, mixed with charcoal, the combustion of which, impelled by a steam-bellows, produced an intense heat. The copper being all reduced to a fiery liquid, the tin was put in. This melted almost directly, without the application of any more heat than that from the fused copper.

The next stanza, the fourth, also contains a point of difficulty. It reads—

"Wie sich schon die Pfeifen bräunen!  
Dieses Stübchen tauch' ich ein.  
Sehn wirs überglast' erscheinen  
Wirds zum Gusse zeitig seyn."

[As the pipes are brown already, I plunge in this staff. If we see it shine, glazed over, it is ready to flow.]

The pipes meant are probably some part of the furnace, changing color under the continued action of the fire. After the tin was thrown in as I said, a man took a wooden staff and thrust it down to the bottom of the melting pot. The great heat of the metal liberated the water chemically present in the wood, in the form of steam. This, as it bubbled up, thoroughly mixed the two metals, which else, from their different specific gravities, would form two distinct layers. The part of the staff not immersed in the metal of course burst into a great blaze; but still I saw nothing to explain the epithet "überglast" (glazed over). Here again the books are silent.

Then comes the testing of the metal. The stanza continues—

"Jetzt, Gesellen, frisch!  
Prüft mir das Gemisch.  
Ob das Spröde mit dem Weichen,  
Sich vereint zum guten Zeichen."

[Now, boys, quick! Prove me the mixture, whether the brittle and the soft unite in good style.]

The preceding operations were all carried on by the workmen alone, but here the great Meneely himself was needed. A ladleful of the melted metal was suddenly cooled in water, broken with a hammer, and the fractured pieces submitted to his judgment. Their appearance was not at first satisfactory, as some more tin was thrown into the pot by his order; and after it was melted and stirred up, the experiment was repeated. This time the fine crystalline appearance of the fracture indicated that the proper mixture had been obtained.

All was now ready for the casting.

"Wohl! nun kann der Guss beginnen,  
Schön gezäcket ist der Bruch;  
Doch bevor wir's lassen rinnen,  
Betet einen frommen Spruch.  
Stos' den Zapfen aus!  
Gott, bewahr das Haus!  
Rauchend in des Henkel's Bogen  
Schleusst's mit feur braunen Wogen."

[Well! now can the casting begin: nicely grained is the fracture. Yet, before we let it run, put up a pious prayer. Stave the stopple out. God shield the house! Rushing, it shoots into the ear's bow with fiery brown waves.]

The moment of casting was not without its danger. Should the mould contain the least moisture, its sudden conversion into steam scatters the fiery metal around in a fearful manner, setting on fire the building, and seriously injuring the workman. Indeed, many lives have been lost in foundries from such accidents.

Near the bottom of that part of the reverberatory furnace where the metal lies, is an opening, stopped with a plug of clay. When all is ready for the founding, this is knocked out, and the stream that flows from it, conducted by a trench to the openings in the top of the mould. These are usually left where that part comes by which the bell is swung in its frame, called the ear (henkel) of the bell. The appearance of the molten stream, assuming various colors under the action of the air, is highly beautiful.

In spite of the workmen's anxiety, many

\* Nevertheless, should these lines meet Mr. Meneely's eye, he will please accept my thanks for the liberality with which he suffered me so freely to examine the various processes carried on at his establishment.

hours and even days must pass before they can ascertain the success or failure of their labor. The sixth stanza expresses some of the misgivings which we may suppose they feel.

When, however, the time arrives, the cranes are applied, and the mould, with its contents, hoisted out of the pit. The mould, or mantel, spoken of in the eighth stanza, is then broken to pieces, and the bell, which is far from looking as Schiller describes it in the ninth, is sent into the workshop to have the rough projections chiselled off, and be otherwise finished.

I have thus laid before the reader the result of the researches I made upon points which seemed obscure to me. One or two, as I mentioned, baffle all my inquiries. If any one should have been more fortunate in relation to them, I hope he will not withhold the information.

T. H.

#### SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

BY A NEW YORKER.

[From the last Fraser's Magazine.]

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

ASHBURNER looked up, and saw meeting them a large Frenchman and a small Irish boy. The Frenchman had an immense quantity of hair of all sorts on his face, nearly hiding his features, which, as what was visible of them had a particularly villanous air, was about the best thing he could have done to them; and on his head he carried a something of felt, which indisputably proved the proposition that matter may exist without form. The Irish youth sported a well meant but not very successful attempt at a moustache, and a black cloth cap pitched on one side of his head. In other respects they were attired in the usual costume of an American snob; that is to say, a dress-coat and full suit of black at seven in the morning. Ashburner noticed that Benson spit ostentatiously while passing them; and after passing he swore again, this time in downright English.

Le Roi had seen in his acquaintance with European watering-places a goodly amount of scamps and blacklegs, and Ashburner was not without some experience of the sort, so that they were not disposed to be curious about one blackguard more or less in a place of the kind; but these two fellows had such a look of unmitigated rascality, that both the foreigners glanced inquiringly at their friend, and were both on the point of asking him some question, when he anticipated their desire.

"God forgive me for swearing, but it is too provoking to meet these loafers in respectable quarters. The ancients used to think their journey spoiled if they met an unclean animal on starting, and I feel as if my whole stay here would go wrong after meeting these animals the first thing in the first morning."

"Mais qu'est ce qu'ils sont donc, ces vauriens?" asked Le Roi.

"The Frenchman is a deported convict, who is doing us the honor to serve out his time here; the Irishman is a refugee, I believe. They have come here to report for *The Seuer*."

#### A WATERING-PLACE HOTEL.

At dinner the ladies presented themselves as much dressed as they could be without being décolletées; and the men had doffed their grass-cloth or linen garments, and put on dress-coats, or, at least, black coats. Ashburner was a good-looking young man enough, and had sufficient vanity to take notice, in the course of the morning, that he was an object of atten-

tion; at dinner many looks were directed towards him, but with an expression of disappointment which he did not exactly understand at the time, but afterwards learned the reason of from his friend. Though making no pretensions to the title of exquisite, he happened to have a very neat shooting-jacket, unexceptionable in material and fit; and "our set," having approved of this, were curious to see what sort of costume he would display at dinner. When, therefore, he came to table,

Avec les mêmes bas et la même cravate, and the shooting-jacket unchanged, they were visibly disappointed. Benson, to keep him in countenance, had retained his white coat, on the plea of its being most wanted then, as they were in the hottest part of the day, which excuse did not enable him to escape some hints from his sister-in-law, and a direct scolding from his wife.

Our Englishman thought the dinner hardly worth so much dressing for. The dishes, so far as he had an opportunity of judging, were tolerably cooked; but their number was not at all proportionate to that of the guests,—in short, it was a decided case of short commons, and the waiters were scarce to match. There were but two parties well attended to. One was the family of an old gentleman from the South, who was part owner of the building, and who, besides this advantage, enjoyed the privilege of letting his daughter monopolize the piano of the public parlor half the day, to sing Italian arias shockingly out of tune, much to the disgust of the boarders generally, and especially of the dancing set, who were continually wanting the instrument themselves for polking purposes. The other was—the reporters of *The Seuer*; who had a choice collection of dishes and waiters always at their command. To be sure they had their end of the table to themselves, too, for not a person sat within three chairs of them on either side; but this they, no doubt, accepted as a complimentary acknowledgment of their formidable reputation. Every one else was famished. The married women grumbled, and scolded their husbands,—those convenient scapegoats of all responsibility; the young ladies tried to look very sentimental, and above all such vulgar anxiety as that of meat and drink, but only succeeded in looking very cross; the men swore in various dialects at the waiters whenever they could catch them flying, and the waiters being used to it didn't mind it; and Ashburner, as a recollection of a former conversation flitted across his mind, could not help letting off a *tu quoque* at his friend.

"I say, Benson," quoth he, "is this one of the hotels that are so much better than ours, and that our people ought to take a lesson from?"

Harry looked half-a-dozen bowie-knives at him. Besides the natural irritation produced by hunger, his wife and sister-in-law had been whipping him over each other's shoulders for the last half-hour, and now this last remark made him ready to boil over. For a few seconds his face wore an expression positively dangerous, but in another moment the ridiculous side of the case struck him. With a good-humored laugh he called for some wine—the only thing one was sure to get, as it was an extra, and a pretty expensive one, too, on the bills—and they drowned their hunger in a bumper of tolerable champagne.

The fact was, that the Bath Hotel had been a most excellent house three or four summers previous, and the "enterprising and gentlemanly" landlord (to borrow an American penny-aliner's phrase) having made a fortune, as he

deserved, had sold out his lease, with the goodwill and fixtures of the establishment, to Mr. Grabster. The latter gentleman was originally a respectable farmer and market-gardener in the vicinity of Oldport; and having acquired by his business a fair sum of money, was looking about for some speculation in which to invest it. He commenced his new profession with tolerably good intentions, but having as much idea of keeping a hotel as he had of steering a frigate, and finding a balance against him at the end of the first season from sheer mismanagement, he had been endeavoring ever since to make up for it by screwing his guests in every way. People naturally began to complain. Two courses were open to him—to improve his living, or to tip an editor to puff him. He deemed the latter course the cheaper, and bought *The Seuer*, which, while uttering the most fulsome adulation of everything connected with the Bath Hotel, frightened the discontented into silence through the dread of its abuse. Ludlow, and some of the other exclusives, had, in the beginning of the present season, contrived a remedy, which, for the time, was perfectly successful. They held a private interview with the cook, and made up a weekly contribution for him, on condition of their having the best of everything, and enough of it for dinner; and the waiters were similarly retained. For a time this worked to a marvel, and the subscribers were as well fed as they could desire. But the other guests began to make an outcry against the aristocracy and exclusiveness of private dishes on a public table, and the servants soon hit upon a compromise of their own, which was to take the money without rendering the *quid pro quo*. This, of course, soon put an end to the payments, and things were on the old starvation footing again.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### LESSING'S MARTYRDOM OF HUSS.

MR. BOKER'S Gallery of the Dusseldorf Academy, has re-opened with the addition of the great Painting by Lessing, of the Martyrdom of Huss. When we consider the distinguished European rank of this artist, his position in Germany, the peculiar selection of this subject, which combines the finest studies with long cherished associations of the artist, and that, with the exception of a very brief public view at Dusseldorf, this is the first exhibition of a most important production in the history of modern art; we may certainly congratulate New York on the compliment to its tastes in the present possession of this work. Some time since, our citizens had the first opportunity of looking upon an important original painting by Delaroche, a duplicate of which is just now engaging the attention of the Londoners. These are novel facts, of less consequence, undoubtedly, than our own achievements in art, but they still bear a due proportion to the latter—the taste to appreciate implying in a certain degree the power to execute. To Mr. Boker's personal zeal in behalf of art, and to his acquaintance with M. Lessing, we are indebted for this privilege. The opening exhibition was held on Tuesday evening of last week, to which a select circle of the Press and gentlemen immediately connected with art were invited.

The painting exhibits that moment of the memorable historic scene of the city of Constance when Huss, the pure-minded martyr, approaches the place of execution. A stake is erected on a hill which Huss has already ascended, and

\* A friend, who pretends to know, assures us that there is a portrait of a country editor on the stocks to form a pendant to these city reporters.—EDS. LIT. WORLD.



where he has fallen on his knees praying. Attired in a simple black gown he is looking heavenward, his countenance withdrawn from any immediate impressions of the scene in an expression of angelic trust and repose. The attitude is natural, the whole look full of simplicity; the purest spirit of Protestantism, calm reliance, the clear outlook of faith. There seems nothing extraordinary in the conduct of the man; he goes calmly to death as to slumber. Even so historians tell us Huss yielded up his spirit. This quality of naturalness runs through the whole composition, in the grouping, the detail, the individual character. It is the finished result of a thorough mastery of art, and a fusion of the historical and individual elements in the one prevailing tone of the piece. The effect is that of utter harmony. As the spectator looks from one figure to another, there are no awkward intervals to supply, or forced contrasts to get over: the gradation is skilful and proportionate. Each figure has its appropriate place, its relative importance. The immediate action is represented by one of the throng replacing from above the paper cap, painted with devils, which has fallen from the head of the martyr, and by the ghastly presence of the two executioners on either side of the stake, who in the smoke assume a supernatural impish appearance, the more as they are dwarfed by the necessities of the picture. We feel that these figures could have been dispensed with, and that they were better away. They distract the attention, and are at variance with the literalness everywhere predominant. The paper cap seems to us an intrusion—as the longer we look at the picture, the more we fasten upon its biographical, rather than its historical interest. It is Huss whom we see, in ineffable purity and pathos, and Huss alone. The rest, like ourselves, are but spectators—and they stand out as clearly to view. On our right are the treacherous Catholic party, the politicians of Church and State, and the abettors of Rome. We see in them, for the most part, curiosity or indifference,—a cruelty which is a matter of course business of life, for an heretical occasion of this kind. On the other side of the picture the scene is softened by a young girl bending towards Huss. A nobleman, a burgher, age and youth give dignity to the crowd, while a wild revolutionary reformer presages the Bohemian wars to come. The grouping here, as throughout, is artistic. The foremost of the secondary figures is the Duke Lodovic of Bavaria, on horseback, the superintendent of the execution, who turns to a Bishop, also on horseback. The horse and his rider are in bold relief. The accessories of banners, the spires of the town, and the clouded sky over the whole, are delicately managed. In the color, which partakes of the prevailing atmosphere of German art, in the separation of strong passion from the scene, and in the absence of deeply individualized portraits, we note the differences between the modern and the old school of Italy. This stirs feeling, but those appeal more nearly to the life. The test of the two is the increase of knowledge and admiration which the study of the Old Masters brings along with it, as compared with the immediate and entire impression of the whole in this picture. There is no room left for the imagination beyond. We do not grow up into it as into the Titians and Raphaels. It tells its story well, the judgment approves, the taste responds; but it is not the great style of art, in which not merely a particular phase of character is represented, good for that occasion, like the groupings on the stage, but humanity itself in the individual, with its story behind and its tale to come, sits for the picture.

*Les Femmes Suliotes.* Par Ary Scheffer. Goupil & Co.—This is an etching in sepia from a drawing by the celebrated Ary Scheffer, of an incident in the war of liberation in Greece. A group of about a score of women are placed on a rocky platform, singing their death song before they precipitate themselves into the abyss below. In the background is a pursuing troop of mounted warriors. The various phases of utter despair, frantic emotion, and quiet resignation, are exhibited with a pathos worthy of the painter of the Dead Christ. One with her arm hiding the dread prospect from her eyes, is rushing blindly forward, her other arm, embracing a companion, who turns to their pursuers. Another beautiful group consists of a mother clasping an infant and a young girl. In another part of the scene, a little child clings in childish terror to her mother's garments, who, on bended knee and with outstretched arms, is imploring the aid of heaven.

The same house have received a fine line engraving by Thevenin of another fine work by Ary Scheffer, "*L'Enfant Charitable*." It contains three half length figures; a beautiful child, who is embracing a female in the dress of a *religieuse*, and apparently in mortal sickness, while an angel stands beside bearing food in her hands.

#### FINE ART GOSSIP.

Mr. T. H. MATTESON, who is now residing at Sherburne, in this State, has lately sent to this city a picture, which we saw at Mr. Ridner's, in the Art-Union building, that we think is far superior to anything we have before seen by the same artist. It is a "*Justice Court in the Backwoods*." The artist describes it thus: "The principal figure in the foreground is the portly justice, who is a sort of *multum in parvo*, being, in addition to his office of justice of the peace, a shoemaker—as will be perceived by his leather apron and his 'kit' of tools—and postmaster—which is indicated by the post-office boxes at the left hand side of the room. The next figure of importance is the 'Pettifogger,' who is represented as an overgrown and over-green rustic dandy law student, in the act of pleading his first cause. The justice is all absorbed, so far as so stupid and *Dogberryish* a face can be, with the pettifogger, unmindful of a lawyer on his left, who is referring him to the law in the case, which is one of assault and battery. The plaintiff is leaning upon the table, with his bruised head bound in a bandana, and listening eagerly to the argument of his juvenile advocate, while the defendant, who by his dress it will be seen is a butcher by vocation, sits disconsolate and despairing at the opposite side, while his daughter, who has been subpoenaed as a witness, is making rueful attempts at consolation. Seated directly behind the justice is the lawyer's clerk making notes of the trial. Spectators, in various moods and attitudes, are seated and standing near the table; in the background is a group discussing the merits of the case. These are the main features. Other collaterals will be apparent when it is seen."

Speaking of the above reminds us that we have seen, at the same place, a collection of very fine pictures by artists of the Modern German School, such as Professors Schrader, Krüger and Pape, Schmidt, Meyerheim, Becker, Rabe, and others; as well as several by artists of the present Dutch School: among them we recollect the names of Dabois, Vermeer, and Hagn. The introduction of such works into this country, we think, cannot fail to improve the taste and elevate the standard of art in this country.

Palmer, of Albany, who executed the beautiful bas-relief of "*Morning*" in marble, now in the Art-Union rooms, has lately modelled a companion for it, which is called "*Evening*." In conception it appears to us fully equal to the first. We also learn that this talented artist has just received an order from a gentleman in Albany for a sepulchral monument, to be executed in white marble. The form is the obelisk, which is to be surmounted with the figure of a child about the size of life, from the design of the sculptor himself. It was the intention

of the artist to start for Europe the ensuing spring, but his orders have increased so much of late that he will be obliged, we learn, to defer it for the coming year.

The *Western Art-Union*, we learn, has already received about 3000 subscriptions. This is more than double the number of last year at the close of the lists. This large increase may be mainly attributed to the acquisition of the "*Greek Slave*," which shows very plainly that one great prize conduces more to swell the subscriptions than smaller ones of even increased amount. The distribution of this Art-Union has been postponed to about the middle of January, on account of the prevalence of the cholera at the west, which retarded the operations of the society for several months.

Among the new prints to be seen at Messrs. Williams & Stevens's in Broadway, are proofs of the new engravings from Landseer of "*Peace and War*." They are forcibly rendered, the latter representing the crush and havoc of human and animal life, and of the comforts of civilization, in a bombarded garden entrenchment; the former picturing the most quiet of all scenes, a water outlook from the hills on the English channel, Dover in the view, where sheep nibble from the very mouth of a neglected cannon; and a party of idle holiday seekers fill up the foreground. There is also a fine large engraving of the Wounded Hound with an Old Servitor, of the Landseer school, by Richard Ansdell, with the grand "*Drive*" on the Mountain Pass, by Landseer himself. The proof of Mr. Hannah's "*Harvey demonstrating to Charles I. his Theory of the Circulation of the Blood*," is alongside; a fine biographical and historical subject, of much interest in the group, which we advise our medical friends to secure copies of, as a rare library print.

The Artists of New York had a pleasant reunion, on Wednesday evening, at the rooms of the National Academy of Design. The assembly had no official connexion with the Academy, but had been suggested at a general meeting of that institution, as an admirable step in the interests of American art. The company was very numerous and unanimous. Mr. Duggan spoke with force and spirit, suggesting memorials to Congress and to the State Legislature for the adornment of the public buildings with characteristic works of American art, and a Committee was appointed to prepare such memorials, and to secure the co-operation of all American artists. It was further determined to establish a course of public, popular lectures upon Art, by the proper men, and to petition for an appropriation from the United States Deposit Fund in aid of the Free Art-Schools of the National Academy of Design.—(*Tribune*.)

Mr. Ehninger, the artist of the Illustrations of Hood's "*Song of the Shirt*," is about to publish a series of outlines of Irving's Dutch tale, in Bracebridge Hall, of Dolph Heyliger.

An engraving from a painting by Woodville, which has not yet reached this country, is in preparation by Goupil & Co., in Paris. The subject is a Politicians' scene in a New York Oyster Cellar.

Mount's "*Catching Rabbits*," a scene on the snow, with two figures, is nearly ready, from the same house.

A fine line engraving from Ary Scheffer's "*L'Enfant Charitable*," has been recently received by this house. "*Pico di Mirandola* taught by his Mother to Read," the title of a new engraving, from a painting by Paul Delaroche, is published by Goupil & Co., and now ready. This subject is of a rare picturesque interest; the mother being a fine study of Italian womanhood. They have also a fine lithograph of Mücke's Burial of St. Catharine, one of the most popular works of modern art in Germany.

Of the value of Delaroche's reproductions, of which we noted a recent example in his "*Napoleon Crossing the Alps*," time and reputation taken into account, we have an instance in the sale of that artist's new painting of "*Cromwell viewing the Dead Body of Charles I.*" The original, executed some fifteen years ago, was sold by the artist

for fifteen hundred francs. The recent duplicate found a ready purchaser at a price exceeding one thousand pounds!

We regret to learn from the *Bulletin of the Art-Union*, the destruction of Mr. Leutze's large painting of Washington Crossing the Delaware, by fire, at Dusseldorf. The picture was cut from the frame, but irreparably injured afterwards. An insurance for 3000 *thalers* has been paid to the artist, who will at once commence its repetition. The size is 20 feet 4 inches by 12 feet. This disaster will probably prevent Mr. Leutze's promised early return to this country.

An attempt is making in England by the artist John Franklin, to supplant the uncouth forms of the old Playing Cards by some elegance of design, a matter in which Germany of late has shown considerable variety, though we have seen nothing of a high order of invention. The *Athenæum* says of Mr. Franklin's designs, "they appear to have grown out of the old forms, and to be their lineal descendants developed into grace and beauty." His Queen of Spades, the Knave of that suit, the Kings of Hearts, Diamonds, and Clubs, and the Queen of Diamonds, are highly spoken of. This experiment, we may remark, by the way, though often tried has never succeeded. We still shuffle the bottle-noses and slumpy-eyed "coats."

Jenny Lind's departure from Liverpool in the steamer Atlantic, has been commemorated by an English painter, Mr. Samuel Walters, "the marine artist." The monster steamer is represented at the juncture when parting from the tender, which was crowded by those who had assembled to give a parting salutation to the fair songstress, who was standing on the paddle-box of the Atlantic and waving her handkerchief in acknowledgment of the manifestations by which she was surrounded. It is valued at seventy guineas, and is to be disposed of by lottery.

#### MUSIC.

##### ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE.

THERE have been several performances during the past week at the Opera House, the manager having given extra performances, on the evenings of the non-subscription. La Sonnambula was given on Tuesday, with Signora Bertucca as Amina. On Thursday, Signor Bettini appeared, having been engaged for a few nights, on his way to join the Italian Company at Havana. The part chosen for his debut was, of course, Edgardo, in Lucia di Lammermoor. After a couple of acts, performed to the admiration of a moderately filled house, the Opera was abruptly brought to a close, owing to the cold and hoarseness under which Signor Bettini labored having increased so much as to disable him from proceeding. The disappointment was greater, but greater still, on the Saturday following, when the gentleman was again too ill to appear. From the little that was heard, it is impossible to judge accurately of his powers, and, under the circumstances, it would be unjust to do so. In his place Signor Lorini performed Tamas, with Mademoiselle Parodi, in Gemma di Vergy. This lady is gradually gaining ground in the opinions of her hearers, not that her singing alters in any way; but, in the first place, the counter attraction of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind has been removed, and, in the second, people always give more value to an object when they are about to lose it. Her performance of Gemma we are inclined to consider one of her best; and she acted on Saturday evening with her whole heart and energy. We shall regret exceedingly when she leaves us, as she will shortly, to appear in Philadelphia. Norma was given on Monday evening, and Lucrezia Borgia was repeated on Wednesday.

#### MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE "Great Exhibition Quadrille," at Drury-Lane Theatre, has proved a great hit, as everybody acquainted with M. Jullien's inventive faculties in such *pièces de circonstance* must have anticipated. In directing huge masses of executants, from whom boisterous effects in broad contrast are to be extracted, in tickling the ears of the miscellaneous public by piquant reiteration of familiar tunes, in happy adaptation of passing events in musical description, M. Jullien has the greatest fertility of conception, and facility of execution. Such compositions, or rather compilations, verging, as they are, on the burlesque, admit of no serious criticism. Every hearer—be he purist or gent-like—must be amused, and even excited, at times. Only conceive Jullien's ordinary orchestra extended and elevated to the very "flies," the rear filled with players in uniform, from three military bands (the Royal Artillery, the Coldstream, and the 2d Life Guards, with their respective masters, Messrs. Collins, Godfrey, and Grattan Cooke), the centre occupied by the drummers of the French National Guards, with their Tambour Major, M. Barbier, perched with his golden stick on a raised platform, beneath which is the "ruler of the elements," M. Jullien, on his golden throne, and the foreground filled with the stringed instruments! What a general is required to organize these formidable forces, and what a concentration of the *entente cordiale*, to see the French drummers fraternizing with our red-coats. And the Tambour-Major, with his cocked hat placed rectangularly on his gallic head, how fierce and yet courteous does he look! With what a graceful jerk does he come down on the concluding rolling chord of the drummers' "beat." And the "two sticks in waiting," at whose gyrations the executants so obediently play *fortissimo* or *pianissimo*—Jullien and Barbier, who, for the Exhibition of 1851, have really made a treaty offensive and defensive, and their united batons of England and France marshal the orchestra with mighty vigor. Aladdin, who raised a palace in one night, by the aid of his wonderful lamp, and Mr. Paxton, who is raising a Crystal Palace with his lamp of knowledge, are as nothing compared with Jullien, who dives into futurity and gives you the "March of All Nations to London." "The Great City," exclaims M. Jullien's combined orchestra, "which, for the first time, shelters such wonderful masses from all parts of the known world, is as yet tranquil" (at this portion of the quadrille the drums and brass are going in full force), "when at daybreak" (König's cornet) "the festival is ushered in by the sounding of the chimes of London" (played by Sig. Baldacci on the harmonicon), "echoed far and near from each surrounding belfry: soon the city's in movement" (the stringed instruments), "and the multitudes hasten towards the same goal" (Drury-lane Theatre), "all eager to behold the most stupendous realization of human industry recorded in the history of the globe. A tremendous shout bursts forth" (the entire orchestra shout hurrah), "and the welcomed nations" (M. Barbier and his 15 drummers), "one and all, join in the glorious cry 'God save the Queen.'" After this, no wonder Jullien sinks exhausted in his chair of state, and the promenaders encore the anthem.

M. Jullien, to suit the tastes of the various nations, has selected the Russian National Hymn, the Marseillaise, the Song of the Girondins ("Mourir pour la patrie"), the Troubadour's air ("Partant pour la Syrie"), the military *pas* of the French (including Auber's "Pas Redoublé") the Spanish "Zapatado," or clog-dance of La Mancha; the "Cachucha" of Andalusia, the Sicilian Serenade, the Neapolitan "Tarantella," the Piedmontese "Monferina," "Rule Britannia," the "Row Polka," Carlotta Grisi's "Truandaise," &c.; and all these materials, highly spiced, are served up in an exciting "*potage à la Jullien*." The enthusiasm of the audiences for this quadrille knows no bounds, and the theatre is nightly filled to overflow. The soloists deserve especial praise: M. Soualle performs on the "corno-musa," one of the

new sax inventions, excellently; the tone partakes of the volume and richness of the clarinet and the bassoon. Pratten, Collinet, Delavigne, and Lazarus have the flute, flageolet, oboe, and clarinet variations. Baldacci, as the ruler of the bob-major, and as the castanet player, must be mentioned honorably. Leroy blows in the monster ophicleide, which makes itself heard; but the huge octo-basso, or colossal double-bass, is not audible as yet: perhaps we may be favored with a duo between it and the gigantic drum. The Ciebras tinkle the guitar, and Streather strikes the harp. Sommer on the euphonicon, and Cioffi on the trombone, display striking skill; and König is, of course, prominent amongst the obligato bits with his cornet. The drummers are especially noticed in their "*roulement serré*," *pas accéléré*, "*chamade*," *chant d'honneur*, &c.: their souls are evidently in arms, for their beat is full of crispness and precision. M. Jullien has appropriated "the all-absorbing subject of the day" most opportunely; his Quadrille will make a great noise for some time to come.—(*Illustrated London News*, Nov. 23.)

Among the musical events of this most musical season, may be mentioned the recent arrival of a new Pianist, M. Pyschowski, who is said to be an artist of rare merit, excelling both in the modern style of performance and in the less showy but more elevated school of Mozart and Beethoven. Some of our connoisseurs who have heard him in private are quite enthusiastic in praising his skill and predicting his future success.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### "MAZULME" AT NIBLO'S.

THE new pantomime at Niblo's, (prevented by the over-crowded house on Monday night, we draw upon our recollection of its previous performance) is really a most brilliant affair. We would describe it if we could, but the attempt would be like decanting champagne. There are some capital scenes. Antoine Ravel is the servant, the butt, the clown, the Leporello, the Jacques Strop of the piece. He is tossed in a blanket after a fashion worthy of Don Quixote; he steals eggs, and they are drawn out of his throat live chickens; he is crushed under a millstone, and taken out broad as a pancake to be inflated again by a physician with a bellows; he manufactures a steamboat out of a barrel, a spinning wheel, a furnace, coffee-pot, and with Uncle Toby, cuts down a pair of jack-boots for a smoke chimney—to be blown up in the good American fashion, on his way to Constantinople. He is at a restaurant, and the wines and ices disappear faster than they can be touched, conveyed away to a great whiskered mouth on the ceiling; he drinks gunpowder tea, and explodes with fireworks. The transformations are perfect; a churchyard of ghosts bursts into a gay ball-room; there are fine blazing oriental scenes, with a crook-kneed Sphinx dance, in character, and a *pas seul à la Elssler*, very agreeably performed. The whole is tumbled together in riotous confusion of fun and astonishment.

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Two new plays have been successfully produced in London, "The Templar," by A. R. Slous, and Mr. Westland Marston's historical tragedy, entitled "Philip of France and Marie de Méranie," at the Olympic. The former of these is one of those provoking pieces of dramatic success which are the greatest obstacles to real stage merit. It is a smoothly constructed melodrama, with good situations, working steadily along, easy work for the actors, and, in the present state of the public taste, acceptable enough to the audiences; but its staple is old, its incidents are essentially commonplace, and its character is naught. Produced by the Keans, it has some of the same marks of that



good acting play, the *Wife's Secret*, which was first produced by them at the Park Theatre, and which might be described as *Knowles made easy*. That's what we want, cried out Mediocrity—while men of thought and culture were starved. The *Illustrated News* gives a puffatory notice of "The Templar," with dresses, situations, &c. The remarks of the *Weekly News*, a paper which contains much forcible writing on dramatic affairs, are more to the point in the following satire on London admiration:—"A cleverish melo-drama in five acts, which shows a remarkable knowledge of theatrical matters, but none whatever of dramatic genius; and the author probably had no other aim in view than thus to succeed, by producing a complete compilation of stage points, stage agonies, stage coincidences, and stage romance, which, while it uses up all the received artifices of excitement, has not a line of true power or poetry from one end to the other. The author is not to be blamed for this, for he merely intended to write a kind of *Ivanhoe* melodrama; and in this he has partially succeeded, and indeed to the full extent, if the raising a theatrical ferment be the end of such a performance. A more stogy production, and a more common-place performance, it is difficult to imagine. The story has but little ingenuity or novelty, and in its main features has been produced time out of mind at the Victoria, with every variety of circumstance. Love and vengeance are the main ingredients, and they are used in the commonest manner. Mr Kean was unusually detestable as a kind of fatherly Rashleigh Osbaldistone; and Mrs. Kean, as a loving girl, forgot that true art never oversteps the line of the beautiful, and that the reiterating mere realities is not fine acting. We never saw this lady to less advantage. She did not look the young girl; she was violent to a distortion that was unpleasant, and she abandoned herself to the melodramatic in a way very unworthy of her former reputation for gentle and tasteful delineation. The scenery is new and appropriate, but with little artistic talent. The dresses and processions gorgeous, and apparently laboriously correct. But the whole getting-up, as well as the acting, shows more industry than imagination. There is much gold, music, and grouping; many supernumeraries, enormous appearance of stage training, a most lavish expenditure; and, in fact, nothing is wanted but genius in the writing, and an artistic imagination in the setting of the piece."

Mr. Marston's play is highly spoken of for its poetical merits. It turns on the repudiation of his wife, the Queen Ingelburge, by Philip Augustus, and his marriage with Marie de Méranie, whom again he is compelled to relinquish by Papal and other authority. To gain the latter, and maintain the doubtful alliance afterwards in the midst of state policies, are the dramatic materials which the *Times* pronounces in the handling insufficient for five acts, the play falling from the historical to the domestic or idyllic character. The *Examiner* says, "there is occasionally very earnest writing in this play, and there are two good situations; but the thread of the verbosity is too fine for the staple of the argument; the effect is tedious."

A foreign paragraph or two gives us a glimpse of the newspaper and theatrical world of Brussels:—"The journals of Brussels having displeased the directors of the Theatres Royal, the following 'Notice' was posted on the dead walls, in the shape of huge printed placards:—"The direction of the Theatres Royal has the honor to inform the public that notwithstanding its desire to fulfil its administrative duties, it is not able to prevent the systematic opposition of certain organs of the press. It will therefore rely henceforth on the public conscience to appreciate its acts, and will redouble its efforts to maintain the Royal Theatres in the rank they ought to occupy. It has accordingly resolved, from the 6th of September, to withdraw—

\* From M. Perrot, of the *Independence*, fifteen free admissions which he had to the Royal Theatres of the annual value of..... £100 or 9,000*fr.*

From M. Deschamps, of the *Mauncken*, two entries, of the annual value of..... 48 — 1,300*fr.*  
From M. Delente, of the *Observateur*, eight entries, value..... 192 — 4,800*fr.*  
From M. Hauman, of the *Politique*, five entries, value..... 190 — 3,000*fr.*  
£720 or 18,000*fr.*

The direction ventures to hope that the public will be able to form an opinion as to the motive and the real value of the attacks of these gentlemen. This notice was printed also on the play-bills, and has afforded great amusement to the uninitiated. The journalists, after administering to the managers several severe castigations, have cited them before the Tribunal, to obtain a contradiction of the placards, and heavy damages for the injuries they have sustained."

#### VARIETIES.

FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

#### First Batch.

PRENTICE of the *Louisville Journal* says that the Legislature of South Carolina has issued instructions to mariners sailing from Charleston, not to consult the North Star.

Mr. James having exhausted the language in giving titles to his numerous productions, is now publishing "A story without a name."

#### AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE FOOT GUARDS.

*Heavy Swell.* "What's the Average Weight of the Men in your Regiment, Charley?"

*Swell in the Guards.* "Don't know, I'm sure—aw—but Ten go to the Ton."—(*Punch*.)

It is contended that the acceptance of a Papal bishoprick in England is not incompatible with loyalty. We are afraid, adds *Punch*, that the only loyalty it is consistent with is that of an *IGNATIOUS LOYALIST*.

*Punch* has lately heard of a Protestant who has just discharged an old and faithful servant, because the poor fellow happens to have a Roman nose.

Sydney Smith, upon seeing a lump of American ice, remarked that "he was glad to see anything solvent come from America."

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

A Scotch broth-pot is like an old ship,—it is so leaky.

The attempt to light Paisley with red-haired girls has been abandoned. But the girls have not.

A man in Liverpool electrified humanity and astonished "the faculty" by saying, that "much of the sickness of the town was occasioned by bad health."

There is a man in Boston, the father of two romping daughters who attribute their "wildness" to feeding on *caper sauce*, of which they are excessively fond. He is second cousin to the man who, to prevent his girls from running off with their young men, fed them on *cant-elopes*.

#### SCENE, a Country Grocer's Shop.

*Boy.* Please, sir, to tell me the time of day?  
*Grocer.* Twelve o'clock.

[*Exit Boy*, and returns in a few seconds to inquire again the time of day.]

*Grocer.* Did I not just tell you it was twelve o'clock?

*Boy.* Yes, sir; but that was for another woman, and this is for my mother.

#### ON MARRIAGE.

Marriage is like a flaming candle-light

Placed in the window on a summer's night,

Inviting all the insects of the air

To come and sing their pretty wickets there.

Those that are out, butt heads against the pane;

Those that are in, butt to get out again.

The "Albany Knickerbocker" is responsible for the following, which we cut from an English paper:—"STRAYED or STOLEN, my wife Anna Maria. Whoever returns her will get his head broken. As for trusting her, anybody can do so that sees fit;

for as I never pay my own debts, it is not likely I shall lay awake o' nights thinking of other people's."—*James Q. Dobson.*

Somebody calls quack doctors "the drivers of the last stage of consumption."

There is a lawyer down east so excessively honest that he puts all his flowerpots out over night, so determined is he that everything shall have *its dew*.

An old maid of Threadneedle Street being at a loss for a pincushion, made one of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

The Cincinnatians, when their water is too thick with mud, are in the habit of filtering it through a cane-bottomed chair.

The proof of gold is fire; the proof of woman, gold; the proof of man, woman.

The man who got drunk on small beer and attempted to cut his throat with a red herring, has had his sentence commuted.

A negro on trial in Philadelphia for stealing, put in a plea of insanity. To prove this it was said he might have stolen the big rooster, but only took the small chicken.

A RICH SPECIMEN OF (ENGLISH) PROVINCIAL CLERICAL READING.

"Lawrummuzzy pon's, 'n'clined er rarts to keep 's law."

The sexton of Salisbury Cathedral was telling Lamb that eight persons had dined together upon the top of the spire; upon which he remarked that "they must have been sharp set."

Lamb once said to a brother whist-player whose hands were none of the cleanest, "Martin, if dirt was trumps, what a hand you'd have!"

"Mirabeau," said Ribaud, "is capable of doing anything for money, even a good action."

The "Comic Times" says Barnum is about to start for England. The object of his visit is at present a secret; but it is confidently announced in certain quarters that he is in negotiation with the authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral for the purchase of that popular exhibition, which he intends removing to his native country and throwing open to the public at a reduced figure.

AFRICAN SMILES.—The following are among the specimens of poetry of the African language: Among the Mpongwes thunder is called the "sky's gun;" morning, "the day's child;" and one who has become intoxicated is said to be "taken captive by rum." A native of Western Africa, who visited America, when asked what he would call ice, said, "him be water fast asleep;" and while riding in a railroad car, when asked what name he would give to the vehicle, he replied, after some thought, "him be a thunder-mill."

#### WHY IS A DANDY LIKE A MUSHROOM?

Because he's a regular saphead.

His waist is remarkably slender:

His growth is exceeding rapid,

And his top is uncommonly tender.

We are indebted to a bit of Southern newspaper controversy for a revival by Mr. Rives of a capital story, which we remember an American artist once giving with much effect after an Art-Union supper:—"A white man and a negro bet ninepence (as it is called in Virginia—called here eleven-pence or twelve and a half cents) on a cock-fight. The white man bet on the low-comb cock, and the negro bet on the high-comb cock. At the commencement of the fight, the low-comb cock seemed to have the advantage, and the white man halloo'd vociferously, "Hurrah for the low-comb cock!" After a while the high-comb cock appeared to be getting the advantage, and the white man's lungs became very weak apparently, and he halloo'd very low on the low-comb cock. It soon became evident that the high-comb cock would whip the other; and then the white man was heard halloo'ing faintly on the high-comb cock; but his voice got stronger on the high-comb cock every lick, until he whipped the low-comb cock, and then the white man jumped up and cracked his heels together and shouted a loud hurrah for the *high-comb* cock, and demanded the stakes. The negro claimed them also, and said, 'Massa, you know

right well dat you bet on de low-comb cock, and I bet on de high-comb cock, and the stakes are mine.' The white man said, 'You lying negro, did you not hear me hallooing for the high-comb cock?' To which the negro replied, 'Yes, massa, I know you did when you saw he was going to whip; but you halloo'd on de low-comb cock at first.' After a little more wrangling, the white man said to the negro, 'Well, you take your money, and I'll take mine; and if ever I bet with a negro again, may I be ——; d—n a negro any how!'

B—T vs. B—M.

Nay, do not scratch each other's eyes,  
And kick up such a pother:  
One's fortune from black mail did rise,  
And from black female t'other.

**KNOWLEDGE AND MENTAL POWER.**—The Continental people have enjoyed, in this generation, an educational system which brings the whole population through Government schools and seminaries, adapted to every age, capacity, and station; taught by masters trained in normal schools to the science of teaching. . . . The results of this universal and compulsory educational system, from which so many good, well-meaning persons expected a speedy millennium of moral, intellectual, and social improvement and well-being, have not proved satisfactory. It has, no doubt, dispelled gross ignorance, and has diffused widely the pleasures of knowledge, and of cultivated tastes, unknown to our laboring and middle classes, perhaps even to a large proportion of our wealthier class. *But knowledge is not mental power.* The mind is not formed in schools, but in free social action with affairs, interests, and temptations, which call forth the exercise of judgment, prudence, reflection, moral restraint, and right principle. The Continental common-man may know more of geography, history, and all the branches of education, included in what is called useful knowledge, than our ignorant man in the same station; but his mental powers, his judgment, his good sense, his acuteness in his own business, his industrial habits, his domestic habits, his sense of right and wrong, his religious sense, are not so well educated. He is, owing to the social circumstances in which he lives, less capable of self-action, of independent opinion, of judging rightly in affairs public or private, than the much more ignorant man of the same station in England. His knowledge and taste in all literary and especially imaginative productions, and in all that addresses itself to the ear and eye, may be much more cultivated; but this school-room training, although it adds to his intellectual enjoyments, and is, on this account, no doubt of the highest value, does not add to his energy, perseverance, intellectual powers of judging and acting rightly, nor to those qualifications which make the upright respected man and useful citizen. *For these acquirements he must go to a higher school than the Prussian gymnasia—to the school of life in a free society, in which every man may manage his own interests according to his own judgment.—Samuel Laing's Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848-9.*

#### CLASSIC SONG FOR THE MANY,

Designed on the Collegiate System, for the Improvement of the Human Mind.

On! the bards and the sages of classical ages,  
Oh! the tyrants and heroes and heroes!  
Oh! the Homers and Platos, the Virgils and Catos,  
The Andromedons, Hectors, and Neros!  
There are Hesiods and Horaces—there's Xenophon for us,  
Who had no less a man for his master  
Than Socrates—wise un—who drank up his pison  
As a Dutchman would smoke his canaster.  
There was grandfather Priam—much older than I am—  
There was Go-it-like winkin' Achilles;  
There were Diomedes twain—one who fought on Troy's plain—  
One who bred anthropophagous fillys.  
Him to feed his own stud—that may well be called  
"blood"—  
Gave great Hercules, whom I'd forgotten,  
But who still will be famed, until Ireland's reclaimed,  
Or the Oak of old England is rotten.  
There were Sappho and Dido—who both suicide, oh!  
Fie, for shame! for their lovers committed—  
For Enneas and Phoen; and there was Lycena,  
Who his guests—the old cannibal!—spitted.  
There was Romulus, Remus, and big Polyphemus—  
There you go, as we say, with your eye out!

Semiramis, Rhesus, Pygmalion, and Cressus,  
Names in our time not likely to die out.  
There were Pelops and Bion, Iycargus, Ixion,  
Julius Cæsar, and ditto Augustus;  
Alexander and Porus, Constantius Chlorus,  
And, besides, Aristides, called Justus.  
There was also great Pompey—with Cæsar for stumpy,  
As renowned as the "Man made of money;"  
There was Sophocles, he who was surnamed the Bee,  
From his verse being pleasant as honey.  
Old Æschylus Fame, too, assigns a great name to;  
Euripides—his name not small is;  
Prometheus Desmotes, a poem of note is.  
So is Iphigenia in Aulis.  
There were also Miltiades, wild Alcibiades,  
Themistocles, Epaminondas,  
Apollonius Rhodius, and likewise Harmodius;  
And Mark Antony—precious old fond ass!  
Here 'tis fit to name Solon, but moments fast roll on—  
It were tedious to make a long story;  
Which by no means will suit us; so let Cassius and Brutus,  
With Belshazzar, rest in their glory.

Punch's Pocket Book for 1851

#### PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

##### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

LIFFINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia, have in press to be shortly published, *The Practical Farmer, for Farmers*: comprising a general description of that noble and useful animal, the Horse; with modes of management in all cases, and treatment in diseases. Also, *The Greek Exile*; or, A Narrative of the Captivity and Escape of Christophorus Plato Castanis, during the Massacre on the Island of Scio, by the Turks, together with various Adventures in Greece and America. Written by himself.

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